

The *Magazine for the Christian Home*

Hearthstone

Religious Education
EXHIBIT
Pacific School of Religion



- **Encouraging Your Child to Be Creative—***Annie Laurie Van Tungeln*
- **Table Talk on Bible Versions: New Versions Are Not New—***Agnes Henderson*

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The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

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Fanside Chat

This month, while our fireplace is hidden with greenery, we'll have to substitute a fanside chat. Though the hearth waves seem to create pools of water in the road ahead, we are sure that we are not viewing a mirage as we glance at the table of contents in the adjoining column. This issue really contains all the interesting and helpful articles listed there. But don't be surprised if, when you open it, it expands like a jack-in-the-box. While we were preparing the copy for the press, we greatly envied snails and turtles—they compress so easily.

• While the fan blades are whirling, let's glance at this month's treats. With the nation's teachers still on well-earned vacations, parents may find their duties somewhat arduous. For this reason *Hearthstone* offers: "Encouraging Your Child to Be Creative," "A Mother Speaks to Mothers," "Family Counselor," "Lease on Life for Mother," and "Children Like Suckers."

• At this season, life moves at a more leisurely pace—for everyone except the family photographer. And he keeps clicking his camera constantly, to record family fun and nature's wonders. To perpetuate his enthusiasm and to induce others to join him, a father and mother have cooperated to produce "Twentieth Century Family Album."

• In this "Bible year," *Hearthstone* presents a series of three articles on "Table Talk on Bible Versions." Here is the first, and it may simplify a subject which has puzzled you.

• "How the Family Can Share in Christian Work Abroad" has a title which is self-explanatory. It is this month's study article. We also present the eighth in our series of studies of family life in the foreign missionary fields—"Family Life in Africa."

• Don't forget to send us a fanside note to tell us how you like this issue.

Next Month . . .

With only one more revolution of the fan blades left, we'll give you a whiff of things to come—fiction for children and adults; articles on family traditions, teen-age worries, how religious growth takes place, and on the new church school material for nine-year-olds. Also: "The 'Poor' Schoolteacher," by a teacher; "When Father Becomes a Mother," by a man.

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*A Word
from*

The Word

"Think About These Things"

Rejoice in the Lord always; again I will say, Rejoice. Let all men know your forbearance. The Lord is at hand. Have no anxiety about anything, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your request be made known to God. And the peace of God, which passes all understanding, will keep your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus.

Finally, brethren, whatever is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is gracious, if there is any excellence, if there is anything worthy of praise, think about these things. What you have learned and received and heard and seen in me, do; and the God of peace will be with you.

—Philippians 4:4-9



Spark or tendril, the urge to create is evident. "But what a mess!" gasped Madam Always Tidy. "What fun!" says Mrs. Wise Mother. "We'll show it to Daddy and tell him how you did it and how you helped Mother clean up afterwards."

AS I WAS on my way to the neighborhood grocery the other day, a six-year-old friend of mine, who was sitting with her mother on the front porch of their home, came rushing out to the street. "See what I'm making for Mommy," she cried, eagerly showing me a dish cloth which she was embroidering in a simple cross-stitch pattern. The little girl was justly proud of her creative efforts. And the mother, who was also doing some needlework, was wise to encourage the child by working with her.

If ever there was a time since the world began when we should encourage every vestige of creativeness in our children and every tendency they may have to think for themselves, it is in this age of radio, television, news commentaries, and predigested information and entertainment of all kinds. We need only to listen to children at play in order to realize that by nature they are creative. Too often in our blundering eagerness to do things for, rather than with, them we discourage their efforts! When allowed to play without too much supervision, children originate all sorts of characters, and through their imaginations, turn themselves into those characters. "Let's pretend" seems to come almost as naturally to baby lips as "Mommy" or "Daddy."

The suggestions for make-believe made by a three-year-old niece who visited me recently were endless. "Let's p'tend I'm your little tiny baby"; then, with sudden inspiration, "Let's p'tend I'm

On her own! And as she creates she searches for the beauty that God created.

"Living creatively" should begin not at sixty-five nor forty, but in early childhood.

Stifling a child's urge to create is like crushing a vine's fragile tendril, for that urge may lead to great heights or, at the very least, to a happier existence. Therefore, make sure you are . . .

ENCOURAGING

To Be



By Annie Laurie Van Jungeln

YOUR CHILD

Creative

your sick baby and you take me to the doctor and have to leave me three weeks but you come to see me." Again, the make-believe extended to more ambitious excursions, which took her to dances, the zoo, a circus, and Sunday school. In the last, she would run to an evergreen tree near the house and chant some apparently meaningless words which, however, always ended with a loud and clear "Amen."

Another creative make-believe activity which little girls, particularly, enjoy is "dressing up" and calling on each other in the guise of Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith. I know one wise mother who encourages this form of play by keeping a few discarded dresses and hats to be brought forth when her two little daughters are in a dress-up mood. The fondness for make-believe and dressing up may well result in enjoyment of amateur dramatics as the child grows older—in acting out, or, better still, in writing and producing little plays.

Children even create dreams; they frequently "make up" before they go to bed what they plan to dream. "What are you going to dream about tonight?" my little visitor asked me the evening before she was to return home. "I don't know," I answered. "What are you going to dream about?" "Home and Santa Claus," was her quick response. The next morning when I inquired, "Well, what did you dream?" she answered quickly, "What I told you last night—home and Santa Claus."

Children like to plan, and no matter how simple the project, planning on their own initiative is a healthy process, particularly when it results in creative action. A seven-year-old visitor had scarcely stepped into the house for a week's stay with my sister when she suggested, "Let's plan a party." She



No longer a tiny tendril, the urge to create has here reached great heights, and under adverse circumstances. Jaques Barosin and his wife are shown looking at one in a series of 75 water colors on the "Life of Christ" this Jewish artist painted. Ministers viewing the exhibit in Philadelphia described it as one of the most noteworthy contributions to Biblical art in several generations. Born in Latvia, Barosin escaped from a Nazi concentration camp and came to the United States in 1947.¹

was so excited over the project that she could scarcely go to sleep that night, although there were to be only three guests. The next morning she set to work with paper, pencil, and scissors to put her plans into action. She painstakingly wrote invitations, drew a remarkably lifelike donkey and cut out tails to pin on it, planned the other games and wrote a list of the order in which they were to be played. Then she went to a near-by grocery and purchased ginger ale and cookies for refreshments and from her own allowance bought at the five-and-ten-cent store a small gift for each guest. All in all, it was a worth-while project, for it not only kept her delightfully entertained but made use of valuable creative skills.

ALTHOUGH CREATIVE activities, such as play, vivid speech, and planning projects of all kinds seem to come naturally to children, there is much which we adults can do to encourage the creative spirit. It does not just *happen* that some children have more creative ideas than others. Many projects into which they may be guided are not, at first, pleasures in solitude; they come through observation and shared enjoyment. Contradictory as it may seem, the child creates, initially at least, through imitation. Something in his experience must provide the key to all creative activities; he should, unobtrusively, be given good models—and that is where we adults can be of greatest help. Although we should work with the youngster, we should encourage originality on his

¹Painting is only one of the many ways in which a child may express himself. You may recall that Webster gives this definition of "create": "to produce as a work of thought or imagination."

part. Moreover, we are honor bound to respect his taste and independence of judgment, even if they do not agree with our own. Suppose the house he paints is a sickening green or the horse he draws is a bit wobbly; they deserve our sincere praise, provided, of course, that they represent his best efforts!

We should keep in mind at the outset that we are not encouraging creative activities in an attempt to make of the child a little prig or a show-off or even to provide for the entertainment of others. He does not learn a poem or a beautiful piece of music merely to be able to perform for guests. *Our goal in stimulating his creative attempts should be to help him cultivate his natural talents and enrich the resources he possesses to make life happy and fruitful for himself and others.* If, in addition, our encouragement should kindle the spark of genius which will give to the world a great sculptor, painter, or writer, so much the better!

READING to children encourages "creative imagining," which is one of the finest forms creative activity can take. Vicariously children live the lives and perform the deeds of the characters in the stories they hear. Children should also be encouraged to read for themselves. Both parents and teachers can have a large part in this. Recently, a little niece was telling me with joy and pride about winning, shortly before she had reached her seventh birthday, a certificate for having read twenty-five books checked from the school library. She knew what they were about, too. She discussed her favorites enthusiastically and intelligently. In general, however, there is a far better stimulus to creative reading than any visible award or prize could possibly be. If the child is surrounded by good books; if parents and teachers read to and with him; and if he notes that they derive pleasure from the printed page, it is quite natural for him to enjoy such activity also.

Children should be encouraged not only to read for themselves but to make up stories of their own. After the parent or teacher has

told a story, the suggestion may be made, "Now, wouldn't you like to tell a story yourself?" Even young children frequently contribute a few brief sentences by way of a story. In a group an even better way is for children to choose the names of objects or persons and continue with part of the story whenever the name selected is mentioned. It is interesting to note how quickly they respond and what fun they have developing situations from which the next participant must extricate the characters. Children also love to help make up

**Every artist was
first an amateur.**

—Emerson

jingles, adding one line after another in turn. They also enjoy playing a little game in which one player asks the question and the other must answer with a simple rhyme. The questions and answers need not be at all profound nor even make sense, since it is the sounds produced which tickle a child's fancy and delight his ears. They may be as simple as this, "Do you like pie?" "Yes, but please don't cry." A three-year-old child of my acquaintance actually begs adults to play this jingle game with her and all but laughs her little head off at the funny sounds and incongruous combinations which result.

Another young friend, who from babyhood had heard verse ranging from Mother Goose to Stevenson, became so absorbingly rhyme-conscious when she was five that she began making up verses to repeat to her father and mother. Every now and then she would call from play, "I've made up a poem," and then she would say some simple little jingle. This was one of the first, addressed to her baby sister:

Heigh, Amanda, heigh!
You're my sweetie-pie;
You're the apple of my eye.
Heigh, Amanda, heigh!

Children do not, of course, start making up rhymes all of a sudden unless they have been exposed to

them any more than they initiate other creative activities without first being given a model.

Moreover, the power of suggestion is strong. Children seldom ask, for instance, "May I write a letter to Grandma?" But if the mother or teacher suggests "Would you like to write Grandma a letter?" the child may readily fall in with the idea. A sheet of gaily figured stationery may be an added incentive. Indeed, if we would encourage creative activities of any kind, it is helpful to keep supplies readily at hand, whether they be books, colored crayons, or building blocks.

SOME YOUNGSTERS, like some adults, prefer to create with their hands rather than their heads. Handicraft activities are almost innumerable, ranging from scrapbooks to truly artistic creations, such as finger painting, drawing, and, for older children, designing and making almost anything from clothing to living room furniture.

Planting a little garden of his own proves a joyous creative experience for almost any child. Since a youngster does not like to wait too long to see a bit of green sprout from the ground, seeds which grow quickly, such as marigolds, nasturtiums, lettuce or radishes should be chosen for his planting. If it is not possible for him to have a few feet of soil for a garden, perhaps he may be given a window box or even a sprig of ivy to grow in water. As he watches a plant grow and cares for it, he begins to understand that there is a plan for the universe and that he may have a part in its creation.

Many of the activities suggested here are activities which families can enjoy together. Doing such things together will stimulate the creativity of each member of your family. Play a game of making up jingles; make your own Christmas tree ornaments; spend an evening finger-painting; do simple dramatization of favorite stories; read together as a family. These are just a few suggestions! You will have many ideas of your own. Be creative and help your family be creative.

*Here's a midsummer's tale with a Penrod flavor;
It tells of two lads and their quite normal behavior;
It tells of a mother whose plan they shattered,
But who found out, in the end, just what really mattered.*

By FLORENCE BAKALYAR

Joey Opens Shop



ILLUSTRATED BY ROBB BEEBE

Mrs. Brattleboro knew her voice sounded awful, almost as if there were tears in it. "Joey, do you mean that you bought these things from Freddie?"

YES, JOEY, I think it's a grand idea."

But it wasn't just Joey's new idea that so pleased Mrs. Brattleboro. It was also the fact that for the first time since the closing of school two weeks ago she was agreeing with Joey, and Joey was agreeing with her.

"Yes, Joey, a sale is just the thing. Now that you're almost eleven, there must be a lot of toys here in your room that you've outgrown."

"Yeah," said Joey, "kid stuff." His eyes climbed into his desk drawers and along his toy shelf and even to the higher ones in his closet.

Mrs. Brattleboro knew that she should be more than a little guilty having her son sell his possessions instead of giving them away. She should be saving them for the poor at Christmas time or sending them to cousin Peter who was eight. But Joey's plan was just too tempting.

"You didn't throw away that stuff I had on my bed, did you, Mother?" So many times, Joey had asked her that question. And more often than not, that so-called stuff was just that—pieces of glass, stray bolts or screws, even bits of twine.

"Don't dust where my rock collection is, Mother. I've got them all arranged."

Yes, now, at least for the summer, Joey's room could be free of clutter and easier to clean.

Joey surveyed the situation, then set to work. He placed an empty grocery carton on the bed where

his mother sat. Into it he dumped his box of marbles, his six battered toy guns, his worn-out game boxes, and what was left of his electric telegraph set. Carelessly, as if at no time had he treasured these belongings, he cast aside his miniature cars, boats, planes, and fragments of metal playthings. He included broken shells, salvaged mirrors, cards, folders, maps, stubby pencils, and broken crayons. Even the gas mask his grandfather had worn in World War I.

"Bet I can get a penny apiece for my precious stones," said Joey. "Bet I can get a quarter for the gas mask."

"Of course, darling, I wouldn't dispose of everything."

"Well . . . just about."

It was too good to be true. Yes, just too good to be true. But the guilty feeling was still with her. Perhaps she should watch the sale. Joey might overcharge, and some mother on the street be annoyed.

But, no, this she would not do. She had kept an eye on Joey too often. Even Mr. Brattleboro thought so. "Leave the kid alone," he would say. "Don't try to mold him. He'll come around."

Perhaps her husband was right. Perhaps that's why she had got nowhere in regard to Joey's reading good books. She hadn't exactly forced the issue, though. She had been quite casual in seeing that his nice new edition of *Tom Sawyer* found its way to his bedside table. And, though she had never called his attention to the fact, surely Joey had noticed that the book was often there beside the living-room radio ready for him to turn to after the Lone Ranger had whooped his last whoop.

For a time, though, she had been persistent. "You'll love to read once you get the habit, Joey. Why, when I was your age . . . and what a lucky boy to own so many nice new books . . . *Treasure Island* . . . *The Arabian Nights* . . . *The Swiss Family Robinson* . . ."

"Yeah, yeah. I will, Mother."

But Joey never did. *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* was always around, but, then, so were the

radio programs, "Cisco Kid," "The Fat Man" and "Mr. District Attorney."

Joey filled the carton and put what was left over in his mother's arms. Then they went down the stairs to the front porch.

"There," said Mrs. Brattleboro, "now you fix up your store, and I'll get busy with my own project."

"What's that?"

"Don't you remember? Dad has painted the side porch floor and put up new awnings, and now I'm going to make a summer sitting room out there."

"Oh, Mother, I wish we lived in a nice new kind of house—like Larry's, with a rumpus room."

"But no porches."

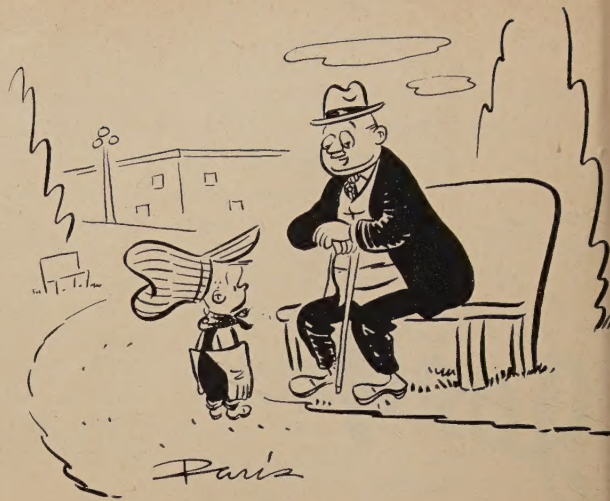
"Their basement's cool."

"But I'll make our porch cozy and nice. I'm putting down the grass rug and using the studio couch. There'll be reading lamps and tables. Maybe we can eat out there."

Mrs. Brattleboro went to her own porch and studied the situation. Yes, by late afternoon she should be all settled. She noticed that Mr. Brattleboro had patched the holes in the screen, and that now the vines were growing fast and shading the south side. It wouldn't be as cool as Larry's basement room, but, at least, it would be a retreat. Yes, this summer she was going to relax. The neighborhood children could howl with glee, whimper with pain, track dirt on her floors, and ask a thousand questions, but she would not let it bother her. Out here she would sit by herself and read and mend . . . and think her quiet thoughts. She might even get out her easel and do some painting.

"Mother, Mother!" Joey was calling from the front porch. "Can I use the table leaves?"

"What for, Joey?"



"... And what do you want to be when you grow up?"

"Got to have a counter, Mother. Can't have a store unless you got a counter."

"Yes, yes, Joey, you can have the table leaves." What did it matter? The table was ancient. To what better use could they be put?

"Mother, could I use some of your heavy drawing paper?"

"But, why Joey?"

"Got to have a sign, Mother. How can the kids know I'm having a store if I don't have a sign?"

"Yes, yes, Joey, you can use my paper." *It cost a lot but you can have some. Anything, anything, just so you rid the house of some of your things and tomorrow the broom and I can find our way to the corners of your room.*

AND SO Joey started his store and his mother her sitting room, and the hours passed quickly. Mrs. Brattleboro will never believe that between the hours of two and four she slept soundly out on the studio couch. She was awakened by the sound of Joey and Larry coming through the screen door. Between them they carried not one, but two, grocery cartons, each bulging with what Joey's mother thought were unsold belongings.

"You didn't have much luck then Joey?"

"I sure did. I made two dollars and sixty-nine cents."

Mrs. Brattleboro's mind was still a little dulled from sleep. "But Joey . . . what's all this?"



"A hobby, Junior? Why that's what your father does that doesn't seem like work."

"Stuff I bought at Freddie's."
 "Who's Freddie?"
 "The new kid up the street."
 "He had a store, too, Mrs. Brattleboro." Larry was on the couch beside her, starting to take one article and then another from the first big box.
 "Freddie . . . had a store?" asked Joey's mother. "You mean Freddie had . . . your kind of store?"
 "And, boy, Mother, he sure had some bargains."
 "And the things in these boxes are . . ." Mrs. Brattleboro knew her voice sounded awful, almost as if there were tears in it, but she just didn't care. "Joey, do you mean to tell me that you bought things from Freddie?"
 "That's why I auctioned my stuff off about two o'clock, so I would get to his place early and have my pick. Aw, Mother, I didn't spend very much. I still got ninety-one cents left."
 "It isn't that, Joey, it isn't the money."
 "But, Mother, I had to trade with Freddie when he came down and traded with me. Dad'd say I ought've."
 "Yes, I suppose," said Mrs. Brattleboro.

LARRY STARTED to help Joey unpack the box. He was as enthusiastic as her son. *Surely, I bought Larry, Joey got a good buy when he bought Freddie's pistol for ten cents. Oh, sure, Joey had had a lot of toy guns, but never one like this one. Yeah, it sure was a good buy for ten cents.*

Then Joey was showing her the part from a broken kodak, a worn coin purse, a printing set, a puzzle, an empty flashlight case.

"But this, Joey, what is this?" Mrs. Brattleboro was handling a heavy piece of something which was as a piece of junk if ever there was one.

"I don't know what it is," said Joey.

"It's a part from some sort of machine," Larry told her. "I bet Joey's dad'll know what it is for."

"I'm sure he will," said Mrs. Brattleboro.

With their eyes shining, the boys were unpacking the second box.

They knew she would be surprised at these buys. She would be really glad. Look at them—ten books—and only five cents apiece. Except for *Rennie*, the dog book. This one Joey got for only three cents because a few pages were gone.

"Joey—not books?"

Mrs. Brattleboro looked at each one carefully. They were old and worn and dirty. The paper was cheap and the print too fine. And the titles—*The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *Robinson Crusoe* and . . .

"But, darling, you have some of these books."

"Yeah, but think, Mother, for only a nickel."

"Yes, I know, dear, but . . . oh, Joey."

Then they were telling her about the new plans. They were forming a club. It was to be the Library Club, and every afternoon between one and five the members would meet here on this porch and read books. If a book was to be taken home, then it cost a penny. Joey was to be head librarian, and Larry assistant librarian.

"But why not meet in your rumpus room, Larry?" asked Mrs. Brattleboro. "It's cooler there, and roomier."

"Yes," said Larry, "but everybody on the street has a room like that. This is much cozier. It's cute, really swell."

"We can, can't we, Mother?"

"Yes, of course."

"You do think I got some bargains, don't you?"

"Yes. Yes, of course."

Mrs. Brattleboro got up and went to the kitchen. She closed the door and reached for her recipe file. She'd make some cookies. She always made cookies when she was upset. And today she was

more than upset. She was mad. And she'd not make Joey's peanut butter cookies or Dad's plain sugar cookies. She'd make some gooey chocolate ones and top them with white icing.

Then suddenly Mrs. Brattleboro was laughing . . . or was she crying? Good heavens, she told herself, what difference did it make if Joey's room got messed up again. All too soon he'd be grown up and out of her life, and then she would wish that she had let him collect anything he wished.

Besides, wasn't this what she'd been hoping for—Joey reading his hours away? What if she did lose her retreat? By next week they'd have a new project digging a tunnel between the house and garage, perhaps.

Then, too, there was the chance that in this way Joey would get the habit of reading and love it . . . well . . . just maybe.

Mrs. Brattleboro placed the chocolate recipe back in the card file and removed another one: "Peanut Butter Cookie—Joey's favorite," it read.

Bestowal

Placid lake of mirrored blue,
 Cleansing air baptized with dew,
 Spruce and balsam tapering high
 Toward the challenge of the sky;
 Quiet grass and joyous bird,
 Folk with smiles and friendly word—
 These I would remember.

From the stillness of the lake
 Songs of calmness I would make;
 From the mountain's constancy
 Build a tower of strength in me;
 All this beauty I would show
 Street-bound city folk with no
 Mountains to remember.

BELLE C. MORRILL

By MRS. STUART BAILLIE
Pictures by Mr. Baillie

Twentieth Century Family Album

No longer gold-clasped and plush-covered, the family album has been mechanized. Though no longer a parlor ornament, it has gained in its power to bind families closely together



a family needs to start a twentieth century family album. The first requisite, of course, is a camera—one good enough to take colored slides. The minimum cost would be at least thirty dollars. One also needs a projector and screen for these slides or access to them. And though it is not absolutely essential, it is wise and helpful to have a metal box in which to store the slides. This material, all told, will cost between sixty and seventy dollars.

Last but not least, one member of the family must be the spark plug, the one who eats and sleeps photography, and is willing and anxious to learn about equipment and its uses, and to find out the

It has been said, "A picture is worth ten thousand words." Our family has never tried to figure out how many words a picture is

worth, but we are well aware that, for us, each picture in our "twentieth century family album" has many values.

But before considering these values, let us see what equipment

whys and wherefores of photography.¹ In our family this person is Father. The photography bug bit him hard, and he bubbled over so hard that the germs of his enthusiasm fell on the entire family, affecting us all.

Our twentieth century family album differs from the old-fashioned album in that it is not in a book, but in a metal case. It consists of several hundred 35 mm. colored slides taken over the past eight years. Now, just what are the values of these colored slides to this family? One important thing they do is to help unite the family as a group or unit. To return to that member who is constantly full of this subject—Daddy. He took so many pictures of the family, talked about them so much and we so thoroughly enjoyed looking at the projected slides that before we knew it, we were all thinking and talking pictures. As a result, Stuart, our eleven-year-old, now wants a camera. General parties, reunions, birthday celebrations, Christmas and New Year's at our house are not complete without the camera. Now each of us wants to record these happy family times, and if one should forget to take pictures, another would be sure to remember. We have a common interest.

Christmas, New Year's, and vacation times really keep the camera warm. At Christmas we strive hard to have our beauty center extra lovely and to make our family worship reflect the Christmas spirit, always stressing the fact that we are celebrating the birthday of Jesus. The entire family—grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins or whoever is present at this time—takes part in the worship program. Naturally, there are many scenes we want to seal in our memories—Grandfather hand-

ing out the gifts, the children opening presents, the gayly decorated tree standing in the living room, a small girl wearing a new Scotch plaid skirt and a boy in strutting in a new Scotch plaid shirt. And with a camera all these may be enjoyed months and even years later.

New Year's is usually the occasion for a simple family party, with another family invited to share in the fun. Here, we all sing songs, and perform on the piano, cornet, or some other musical instruments, and finally cook our food in the fireplace. Many are the happy scenes to be recorded and, later, to be shown over and over again. Then, what could be a better New Year's resolution than to take more and better pictures during the coming year.

Vacation time provides endless opportunities for family photographers. One year we were fortunate enough to attend the Disciples' Family Camp near Troy, Missouri. We started taking pictures before we had the car packed to leave. From that moment on through the entire week, the shutter clicked and clicked, and now we have a Family Camp Story to show to all those interested.

We also make good use of camera and slides in family worship. We take pictures to show the family worshiping together. There is one slide of Stuart reading the Scripture at Vespers at Family Camp. When that slide is projected on the screen, it brings back memories of that happy week in Sherwood Forest. It revives the quietness and reverence of that important moment. We also use the pictures in our worship programs. In our collection there are views of the Grand Canyon, lovely autumn trees, trees in bloom, flowers, bubbling springs, sunrises and sunsets, grace at a Thanksgiving table, babies, little children, and buildings erected by man, beautiful in their symmetry. All of these go to make for effective worship programs with your own family, with family and friends, or for a larger group at church school or evening service. It is easy to find songs and Bible verses to go with the pictures. Even very small chil-

dren will contribute wholeheartedly with appropriate sentence prayers and songs they like to sing.

Through our album we have become increasingly conscious of the beauty of God's world. We are all on the lookout for it now. We see beauty where before we would have passed it by. Once, when we were returning from a visit with our grandparents, Daddy suddenly put on the brakes, seemingly without cause, and gazed at the other side of the road. As soon as we knew what he saw, we all tumbled out and headed for the milkweed pods across the way. Daddy took a picture of one pod outlined against an intense blue sky. There was no wind, but Sue, our eight-year-old daughter, decided the soft silky insides of the pod would look lovely. So she and Stuart loosened the feathery seeds and, as they blew them in the air, Daddy snapped a picture. As we drive along, we'll notice the beauty of a silo outlined against the sky, or the simplicity of a bare gnarled tree.

One evening Stuart rushed in the house, shouting, "Come! Come quick!" We hurried to the back porch and there we saw one of the loveliest sunsets, with deep rose and pink fingers reaching up into the darkening sky and purple clouds beneath, and just a glimpse of the sun. We just stood there a minute or so entranced, watching. Sue was in the back yard watching, too. "God paints beautiful pictures," she said. Stuart was keenly disappointed because Daddy wasn't there to record it on film. Imagine his surprise when he learned that Daddy had seen it from his office window and had taken several shots.

Our twentieth century family album means much to us. It has helped to knit us tightly together as a family. It has provided many a laugh, and made family worship a more realistic act. It has also supplied us with social entertainment. The eye of our camera has opened our eyes to that verse of Scripture,

The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament showeth his handiwork.

¹If at first you cannot obtain a projector and screen, a small individual viewer may be purchased instead, and at a cost of only a few dollars. One model comes equipped with a flashlight battery and bulb to illuminate the image. If you find that you can afford a projector but not the screen, a white wall or smooth white sheet may be substituted, though the image will not be quite so brilliant as on a beaded screen. Also, before buying a screen, find out what dimensions would suit your needs. A square one is more practical than an oblong, to accommodate both the horizontal and vertical pictures.—ED.

TABLE TALK on BIBLE VERSIONS



NEW VERSIONS ARE NOT

This is the first in a series of three easy-to-understand articles on the versions of the Bible. As we study the origin and significance of the versions, let us always remember these facts: Any Bible written in English is but a translation of early Greek and Hebrew texts.

The versions we read are the work of reverent, hard-working scholars who have tried to translate these texts into a language we can understand. These scholars have earnestly endeavored to give us "an accurate record of the one revelation given to men by the living and true God."¹

STUDY LATIN? What fer? Ain't English good enough fer ye?" Poor old Uncle Jack, the "community uncle," had never found time "fer all this tomfoolery the kids is teach'd these days."

"Oh, yes, English is good enough all right. But I want to know Latin, too," politely explained Lois.

"You bet English is all right. Can't see what ye want to study all them heathen languages fer," growled the old man. "English was good enough to write the Bible in and it's good enough fer enybuddy."

"To write the Bible in?" Lois smiled to herself but did not argue. Old Uncle Jack would never understand. If she tried to explain that the Bible was not really written in English, he would think her a heretic. Besides, he was too deaf for lengthy conversation and too headstrong for her to hope for any success in argument.

Lois chuckled to herself as she walked on home. She could scarcely wait until the dinner hour to tell the family. Dad and Dick would especially enjoy the incident. The idea! Uncle Jack would probably never know that the Bible was in "heathen" Latin before it was in English—centuries before, and that neither language was the original vehicle of the Scriptures.

As soon as grace had been said, while Dad was serving the plates, Lois introduced the subject by announcing to the family group, "Uncle Jack Jinson calls Latin a 'heathen' language. He thinks the Bible was written in English."

"Wasn't it?" innocently asked Buddy, aged ten, and everybody laughed.

"No, Buddy," explained his father. "There's a lot of tragedy and romance back of our English Bible. You will learn more about it as you grow up. But I am afraid

poor Uncle Jack will never know the rich heritage of martyrdom that is ours because the Bible was originally written in a 'heathen language.'"

"That's the truth," cried Dick, whose major was history. Some day he expected to be a teacher of history. "From Hebrew and Greek to Latin, and from Latin and the ancient manuscripts into German, and English, and French and other modern languages is a series of thrilling stories." Dick beamed with appreciation. "And these newer translations have the advantage of still more ancient manuscripts. Think how the Codex Sinaiticus was lost and found, almost destroyed and rescued, bought and sold, and sent from country to country in recent years."

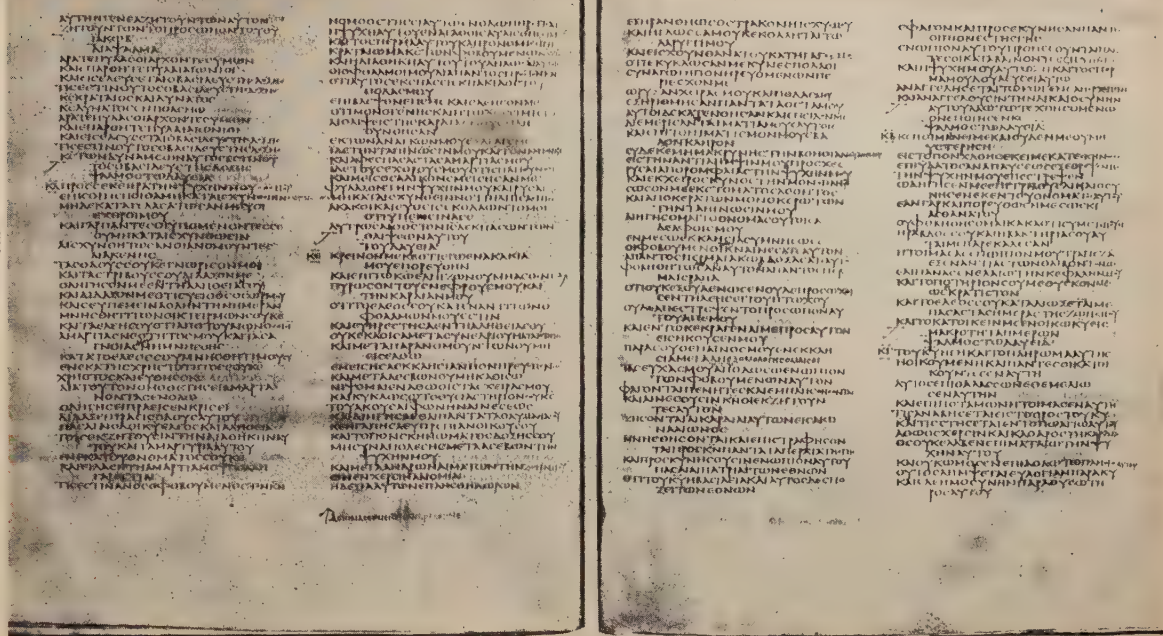
"Well, how was it?" asked Lois, eager for a story. "I know the Bible was written in Hebrew and Greek but I do not know about all those big names. What do you mean by the Codex Sinai—whatever it is?"

"Yes, tell us about it, Dick. That really is a most interesting story," encouraged Mother.

"All right. But first let's learn what a codex is. Dad, you tell us, please." Dick made his request in true teacher fashion.

"Very well, Professor Dick." The family enjoyed Dick's "teacher ways." "A codex is a book, you might say, only we do not ordinarily call our books by that name," Mr. Morris explained carefully. "The term usually refers to the earliest manuscripts

¹Charles R. Erdman, *Your Bible and You*. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia, 1950.



Facsimile pages of the Codex Sinaiticus. The page at the left is Psalm 24:6-26:10; the one at the right, Psalm 22:15-24:5. This codex is a fourth century manuscript of a Greek version of the Bible. It contains the New Testament, about half of the Old, and two books of the Apocrypha. One of the earliest surviving manuscripts of the Greek Bible and the oldest complete copy of the New Testament, it is written in characters called unicals, on fine quality vellum. There is no space between words and no punctuation.

which were put into book form. You know in Jesus' day the Bible and other books were in scroll form and were rolled up on two rods. But two or three centuries later someone conceived the idea of using smaller, uniform pieces of parchment or papyrus and fastening them together, much as we do today, into book form. They weren't printed of course, but the leaves were piled up and stitched together instead of being attached end to end and rolled into a scroll.

"Good," complimented Dick with a contagious smile. "Now did you ever hear of Sinai?"

"You mean Mount Sinai?" asked Buddy.

"Yes, indeed, the same Mount Sinai on which Moses received the Law. Well, the Codex Sinaiticus is a very old manuscript of the Bible. It was found in the ancient monastery of St. Catherine on Mt. Sinai by a German scholar named Tischendorf not many years ago."

"Oh, that's it? Now I begin to see light," said Lois.

"So did Tischendorf, Sis," continued Dick. "You see he had spent many years looking for old manuscripts which might throw new light upon the Scriptures. You

understand that *there are probably no original manuscripts of the Bible* to be found anywhere. All we can ever hope to find are copies made by scribes or monks in the early centuries. Scholars usually consider Codex Sinaiticus to be of the fourth century A.D."

"Sure enough? I bet Uncle Jack thinks somebody has the original copy in English," suggested Lois somewhat irrelevantly, thinking how much he was missing.

"Perhaps. Well, the Codex Sinaiticus is a copy of the Septuagint, which is the Bible in Greek. See, the Old Testament had been translated from Hebrew to Greek before Jesus' day and could be secured in either language. Now this particular codex contains most of the Old Testament and the Old Testament Apocrypha, all the New Testament and two of the New Testament apocryphal books—the Epistle of Barnabas and the Shepherd of Hermas."

"What is the Apocrypha?" asked Lois, intent upon knowing the whole story.

"Your explanation again, Dad, please," Dick requested.

"That's easy. The apocryphal books are books similar to Bible

books and written about the same time, but they have never been universally accepted as a part of the Bible. 'Non-canonical books' they are sometimes called because they are not a part of the canon of the Bible. There are a number of such books related to both the Old Testament and the New Testament," explained Mr. Morris.

"How interesting!" said Lois.

"Yes, the real story is yet to come," said Dick. "Mr. Tischendorf had made some interesting

and valuable discoveries in the region of Mt. Sinai and believed there were other priceless manuscripts in the old monastery of St. Catherine. He spent days and days trying to dig up something from their archives, and finally one day in 1859 he discovered a few crumpled sheets of parchment in a trash box. He recognized that they were very old and believed them to be part of a valuable document, but he had to work cautiously to secure the remaining sheets. He had to make the priests understand that it was valuable in order to get their assistance in finding the rest of it, but he did not want them to know just how valuable he considered it for fear they would not part with

it when it was found. Finally, he unearthed the entire manuscript, or codex, in four volumes—that is, it was complete except for a few portions of the Old Testament which were never found.”

“Well, well,” exclaimed Lois, “in a wastebasket!”

“Yes, it barely missed being destroyed,” said Mother.

“What did he do with it?” asked Buddy.

“He had quite a time getting permission to do anything with it, Buddy,” Dick explained. “He did want that codex more than anything he had ever seen. He was working for the Tsar of Russia at the time. That is, Tsar Alexander II was supporting him in his research work. He tried to get the monks to give the old books to the Tsar but they refused. Then he

persuaded them to lend it to Russia for a time. Ten years later they did actually make a formal presentation of the manuscript to the Tsar and it became the property of Russia.”

“Really, the Codex Sinaiticus is one of the most valuable finds made in modern times,” Mr. Morris commented earnestly. “The codex itself was preserved in the ancient capitol of St. Petersburg but facsimile copies, or pictures of the pages, were made, and scholars everywhere have studied them. All of the translations or revisions of the Bible or of the New Testament that have been made since 1862 have had the advantage of this very early manuscript. You see it is the only complete manuscript of the New Testament and probably the next oldest codex in existence.

The only older one we know of is the manuscript of Isaiah, discovered only a few years ago and dated as early as 200-100 B.C.”

“Is it still in Russia?” asked Lois.

“No. That is another interesting chapter and brings us down to very recent times,” answered Dick. “After the Russian revolution and the Bolshevik break with the church and with Christianity, scholars everywhere feared for the safety of the precious codex. But since Russia no longer valued it for its religious significance and since she needed so much money to carry on her new form of government, she was persuaded to sell the codex to England. It was purchased by act of Parliament and is now the prized possession of the British Museum.”

BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Food used in a mouse trap	23 89 46 64 26 70
B Number in a set of triplets	128 118 81 105 93
C Mother of Joseph and Benjamin	75 20 50 52 67 77
D Plenty	71 58 73 76 18 51
E Summer time color of trees	57 121 130 114 108
F The first bird Noah sent out of the Ark	115 94 134 116 56
G The musical instrument which David played	131 111 133 80
H Took the whiskers off	45 48 38 54 29 40
I One of the twelve Apostles	104 107 112 87 99 78 43
J A small sweet cake with a hole in the center	22 2 14 1 6 9 17 11
K Day after today	3 13 92 4 21 72 24 34
L To push	136 119 124 83 120
M For all time	122 59 33 42 66 32 74
N A tiny bit of time, a moment or less	55 97 37 95 53 127 98
O Strong, or stubborn	137 82 61 19 113
P Very large; enormous	129 102 110 135

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50
51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60
61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70
71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80
81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90
91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110
111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120
121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130
131	132	133	134	135	136	137			

Solution, page 26

Q A Pastor, or Preacher	103 27 39 44 15 5 7 30
R First name of General Eisenhower	63 47 62 60 31 117
S Day on which you were born	41 49 68 10 12 28 8 36
T Something we often listen to	106 132 125 84 123
U Eating place on a train	109 96 25 100 91
V A man who sails the seas	69 35 126 16 65 79
W Pays attention	88 90 86 85 101

*Progression is the keynote here—
from screw drivers and dolls to
world evangelism; from piggy banks
to world mission pledges. In all,
note the development of the family's
value attitudes*



Christian work abroad. This Religious News Service photo shows Korean children kneeling or sitting on a mat-covered floor. Under the guidance of Protestant ministers, they are learning to pray.

How the Family Can Share in Christian Work Abroad

MOM, HERE'S all of the money out of my secret-locking bank," declared Bob as he poured a handful of nickels, dimes and pennies on the kitchen table where his mother was mixing a cake.

"Why, Bob, why did you take it all out?"

"Aw, I didn't take it quite all out. I always leave that 1943 quarter in there. You know—that's the first shiny quarter I earned when I started my paper route."

"Yes, I remember. But what are you going to do with all this money?" the mother asked again of her ten-year-old son.

"Miss Ward needs a screw driver to help her in her work in Africa. I want to get her one like that neat one Dad's got. You know she told us in our school of missions about how the boys in Congo like to work with wood. Mom, do you know what?"

"No, what?"

"Those boys make their own canoes out of hard logs. They even chop their drums out of logs. They have so few tools, I sure wish we could send them more things," Bob said as he began counting the money he had dumped on the table.

"Yes, I do too. Perhaps we can."

"Ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred. Wow! Mom, just look—\$1.03. Is that enough?"

Things like this do not just happen. Although it does not always show up on the face of it, much conscious thought and planning take place in the minds of parents and leaders in the church to direct children and youth into a knowledge of an interest in people of other lands, in what is being done for them toward a better way of life and into an opportunity to have a share in the missionary task around the world.

❖ ❖ ❖

"Mary, let's play house today. It's raining and we can't go to the park to swing and slide."

"O.K., Helen! No—I have a better idea."

"What?" Helen interrupted expectantly.

"Why don't we have a doll festival?" Mary asked.

"A doll festival? What's that?"

"Oh, you know. Like the girls in Japan have every year on the third day of March!"

"But, Mary, where will we get . . . do we have to have Japanese dolls?"

"Sure we need Japanese dolls. I have two and Mother has a great huge one in a glass case upstairs."

"Will she let you play with it?"

"The girls in Japan don't play with dolls just as we do . . ."

"How do you know?"

"Well, my church school teacher gave me a book which tells about dolls, doll festivals, and girls of Japan."

"Your Sunday school teacher gave it to you?"

"Yes, in our church school lesson last week we had a story about a Japanese girl. She seemed such a nice girl, I wondered if she had a doll."

"Do you talk about things like that in your Sunday school?"

"Sure. And I just wondered if she had a doll, and if Japanese girls played with dolls as we do. So I asked my teacher. Then she gave me this book to read. She got it out of our church library."

And so on this rainy morning, Mary and Helen really became Japanese girls participating in a doll festival. The book and the dolls helped. The missionary education program of the church started it all. Aided by a church

school teacher and parents who understandingly were prepared with the right resources at the right time, the soil and the climatic conditions were right to grow friendly attitudes in the hearts and minds of Mary and Helen.



"Things were sure dead around here last week, John. With you at young people's conference, Sis at Scout camp and Bud visiting Grandma, Mother and I really had a quiet time—too quiet. We thought the week would never end," said Mr. Brown as he greeted his son upon his return from conference.

"Would this be the psychological moment for me to ask if I could

invite the gang over for a hamburger fry Friday night?" John hurried to ask.

"Sure," said his dad, "If it's O.K. with Mom."

"Gee, Dad, I had a swell time at conference! And say, that missionary from India was a real 'he-man'! And the stories he told of missionary work!"

"I was hoping you'd take to him. I've known him since college days."

"Dad, do you know that in India wonderful things are being done by our missionaries to improve people's health through the doctors and through improved crops. I think I made a decision that will affect my future."

"So?"

"You know I've always wanted to do something to help people. Now my real desire seems to be to do something about helping the people in India with their farming."

"Son, that sure does thrill me."

"I really got a vision from Mr. Wells. Think of the thousands of hungry people I could help by working with them in agriculture. I've been thinking about it all week, and praying about it in morning watch."

"Son, we shall continue to pray—and together, as it is a big decision."

"Tonight, Dad, let's talk and pray about it when our family gets together. That will help me."



The ongoing of the missionary education program of the local church should touch all ages and all interests of all its members. Appealing to the youth is a real task but through its church morning and evening study and fellowship groups, its training program in the church and in young people's conferences and camps, youth can be challenged. That challenge can be met and will be accepted if parents as well as the church's youth leaders are understanding, sympathetic, and cooperative. Parents can exert a great influence on the lives of young people if they are alert. It takes both the church and the home working at the task cooperatively

I, with money to spend, buy goods I do not need.

I, with time to spare, forbear to do good deed.

I, with ground to plant, withhold the fruitful seed.

I, with hands to pull, reck not the growing weed.

I, with eyes to see, refuse the Word to read.

I, with ears to hear, am deaf to those who plead.

I, who could follow, suspect the aims of those who lead.

I, who could believe in God, find fault with every creed.

I, who could do my work, prefer to pay others meed.

I, who care for my body, for my soul give little heed.

I, who save for myself, am not ashamed of my greed.

I, who have plenty to eat, refuse the hungry to feed.

For these, my sins, break, O God, my heart and make it bleed!

BESSIE GLADDING

to enlist the enthusiasm, idealism, and life of youth for the Christian task around the world.



"What are you going to do with that package of envelopes?" asked seven-year-old Jim of his dad as the Hill family gathered for family council meeting.

"Are those church envelopes, Daddy?" asked Jane, who was nine.

"That's right," said the father. "This is the month at church when we are giving consideration to our pledge for next year."

"Look, Jane, this envelope has two pockets. Is it s'posed to?" asked four-year-old Sally as she picked one from the container.

"Sure, that's the way church envelopes are. One side for ourselves and one side for others. Right, Daddy?"

"Yes, we call them duplex, meaning two sides. We put money on one side that helps with our pastor's salary and the expenses of our own church."

"But the other side, Dad, what's it for?" Jim wanted to know.

"We put money on the other side to tell the story of Jesus to the boys and girls in other countries where they do not know about him," Mother explained.

"How do you decide how much you put in each side?" Jane asked.

"Mother and I have always tithed. We set aside one-tenth of our income each month. We allow a certain amount for special gifts for missionary work and then put the rest of it in our church envelopes," Daddy explained.

"How much do you put in each side?" Jim wanted to know.

"Daddy and I have always had a feeling that we should put as much or more in for others as we give to our own church expenses," Mother said.

"I'd like some envelopes," Jane said.

"How do you get 'em?" Jim eagerly asked.

"When one makes a pledge to the church and has a part in the work of the church both here and around the world, he gets a package of envelopes."

"What work around the world

does our church do?" Jane inquired.

"That's a good subject for our next council meeting since it would take too much time tonight. We'll all work together to learn that. Then, after we talk about that, we can decide how much money we will put in our envelopes. Mother, you have our closing worship tonight."

This is the way the Hill family started its study of what duplex envelopes are, how and why families and individuals contribute to Christian work around the world through the local church.



Perhaps the most effective way in which families can share in Christian work is through the church. Each church, as one unit of a communion made up of many such units, assumes a part of the Christian work that the group of

churches carry on around the world. On the part of the co-operative agency, it is a planning, promotional and administrative task. On the part of each church it is an educational, financial, and world outreach program. The missionary education task of the church offers a challenge to every family within its fellowship as the program is projected in a diversity of ways.

As a family, the members are touched by the Sunday church school curriculum where missionary education is vital in all lesson materials. The entire church program should be saturated with the mission of the church from the pulpit through to the family pocketbook. All of the projects and activities which any individual family encourages and carries out should be an outgrowth of the missionary education program within the church.

PRAYER OF A HOMEMAKER



For Absent Loved Ones

Dear Heavenly Father:

Our arms are so short today. They cannot reach to where our absent loved ones are this moment. Our eyes are so limited we cannot see beyond the vacant chair. But we believe that Thy arms are long enough to reach out and, if need be, encompass even a battlefield. And that Thy eyes can see inside hospital rooms and across the wide waters of loneliness. So we ask of Thee a special blessing: let us link arms with Thee before our own firesides, knowing that Thy loving arms will also reach out to those away from home. Help us to trust the power of Thy presence both here and there. Then will the absent places be filled with the fullness of Thy peace.

Amen.

RUTH C. IKERMAN

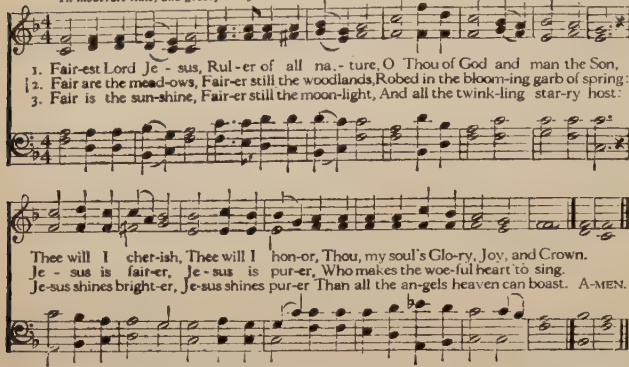
Fairest Lord Jesus

CRUSADER'S HYMN. 5. 6. 8. 5. 5. 8.

German, 17th century

From SCHLESISCHE VOLKSLIEDER, 1842
Arr. by RICHARD S. WILLIS, 1819-1900

In moderate time, and graceful rhythm



1. Fairest Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture, O Thou of God and man the Son,
2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the woodlands, Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring;
3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light, And all the twink - ling star - ry host:

Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's Glo - ry, Joy, and Crown.
Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing.
Je - sus shines bright - er, Je - sus shines pur - er Than all the an - gels heaven can boast. A - MEN.

Things

I think of, oh, so many things,
Of fish with fins and birds with wings,
Of insects with a hundred legs,
Of turtles hatching out of eggs.

I think of birds that learn to talk,
Of creeping things that never walk,
Of the bear that wears fur till he dies,
Of moles that haven't any eyes.

I think of green things and how they know
It's spring again and time to grow;
I think of wild flowers by the road,
That no one planted and on one hoed.

I think of all the stars at night,
So very high and twinkling bright,
Of clean white snow and rain and sun,
Of little children having fun.

I think of God who made them all;
Who listens to us when we call.
There's such a lot to learn and see
And think about. I'm glad I'm me!¹

—LEOLA LITTREL

So Near to Me

I met God in the meadows
One lovely summer day;
He whispered to me in the wind
While I was at my play.

He smiled at me in every cloud
Drifting high and free;
That's why I like the summertime.
'Cause God seems near to me.²

—MARK K. BULLOCK

¹From *Juniors*, published by the Judson Press. Used by permission.

²From *Story World*, published by the Judson Press. Used by permission.

RESOURCE



IN T

with You

WORD

The world of nature is a perfect avenue to worship, who can view the marvels of nature without a feeling of wonder and awe? Such a feeling becomes an experience of worship when, under the guidance of Christian parents, it brings a child to the realization of God and a recognition of His work.

Children at an early age begin to wonder. Before a child is able to formulate many questions, however, he can have happy experiences with the elements of nature. With your guidance, experiences such as enjoying the wind, rain, snow, flowers, sand and the like can be the basis for appreciation and love of God, the Creator.

First Week—"OUR FATHER MADE THEM ALL"

Bible Verses to Use

God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good.—Genesis 1:31. (J)

He hath made everything beautiful in its time.—Ecclesiastes 3:11. (K, P)

Poems and Songs to Use

"God, Our Father, Made the Day." (N)

"All Things Bright and Beautiful." (K, P, J)

"This Is My Father's World" (found in most hymnals) (P, J)

Story to Use

"What Two Children Found Out."—PBL, No. 44, 3rd Year (P)

Prayer

Thank you, God, for this beautiful world. Amen.

Second Week—"RULER OF ALL NATURE"

Bible Verses to Use

The day is thine, the night also is thine:

Thou hast prepared the light and the sun.

Thou hast set all the borders of the earth:

Thou hast made summer and winter.

—Psalm 74:16-17. (P, J)

Poem and Song to Use

"Fairest Lord Jesus." (J)

Prayer

Thank you, God, for day and night. We are glad you planned for winter and summer, sunshine and rain. Thank you for every good thing. Amen.

Third Week—"ALL THINGS PRAISE THEE"

Bible Verses to Use

The heavens declare the glory of God;

And the firmament showeth his handiwork.

Day unto day uttereth speech,

And night unto night showeth knowledge.

—Psalm 19:1-2. (J)

WORSHIP

FAMILY

Children

CURE

When your child is four years old (or older), he may be-
to have many questions about the universe. Take time
answer the questions to the best of your ability. If you
not know the answers, try, with your child, to find them.
p your own eyes and ears open to the wonders of nature.
ever you live, there are some of the beauties of God's
d. Plan to spend time with your children enjoying these
ties.

oems, stories, book, pictures and music can also be a means
helping your child appreciate and enjoy God's universe.
suggestions on these pages are intended to help you lead
r child to have worship experiences through appreciation
love of the world of nature.³

hymns and Songs to Use

All Things Praise Thee''—A hymn. (J)
For the Beauty of the Earth''—In a hymnal or in PBL,
No. 44, 3rd Yr. (P)
Things.'' (J)

yer
ear God, the flowers and trees make us think of you.
The birds and animals make us think of you. The
clouds, the sky, the sunshine, the rain—all these things
make us think of you. Thank you, God, for your good
gifts. Amen.

Fourth Week—THANKS TO GOD FOR HIS GOOD GIFTS

le Verses to Use
t is a good thing to give thanks.—Psalm 92:1. (K)
od . . . giveth us richly all things to enjoy.—1 Timothy
6:17. (P)
ead Psalm 136:1-9, 25-26.

m and Song to Use
I Thank the One.'' (P, J)
verses in HGR, No. 46. (N)

yer
hank you, God, for your good gifts. Amen.

Fifth Week—GOD SEEMS NEAR TO ME

le Verses to Use
peat some of the Bible verses used previously.

m and Song to Use
So Near to Me.'' (K, P)
Summer.''—MBL, No. 48. (K)

yer
se again the prayers of previous weeks.
rayers in MBL, No. 48. (K)

Meaning of abbreviations:
HGR—Home Guidance in Religion
PBL—Primary Pupil's Book
Nursery (3-year-olds) P—Primary (6-8)
Kindergarten (4-5 years) J—Juniors (9-11)



I Thank The One

For all the world So fresh and sweet, For flowers and grass Around our feet, I thank the One Who made them.	For rippling brook And blue of sky, With fleecy clouds A-sailing high, I thank the One Who made them.
--	--

For all good things We hear or see, For singing stream And swaying tree,	For this new day With golden light, For moon and stars And quiet night,
---	--

For life and health,
For home and friends,
For all the love
Thy goodness sends,
I thank the One
Who made them!

—NONA KEEN DUFFY

All Things Bright and Beautiful

All things bright and beautiful,
All things large and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
Our Father made them all.

Each little flow'r that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

Cold wind in the winter,
Pleasant summer sun,
Ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them ev'ry one.

He gives us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who maketh all things well.

—C. F. ALEXANDER

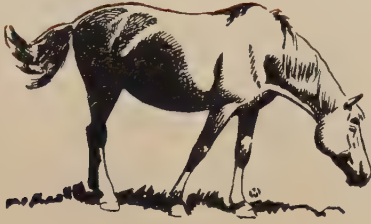
God, Our Father, Made the Day

God, our Father, made the day
When we run about and play.
God made the moon and stars' soft light
Shining while we sleep at night.⁴

—EVA B. MCCALLUM

⁴From *Learning in the Nursery Class*. The Bethany Press.

By GRACE V. SCHILLINGER



*Did you ever hear a horse whinny?
Well, when Patty heard Flame whinny
she . . . But let's read about
what happened*

Stolen Ride

hind her in the wind. An airplane droned far off up in the clouds. Flame trotted on down the hill.

"Maybe I could try making him gallop." She said. "If I hang on real tight I'll get along fine. Then I can show Sharon how fast I can ride." She forgot about taking just a short ride.

Sure enough, galloping was much easier. She didn't have to hang on—not much. Just when they came to the corner at the top of the hill, the airplane zoomed right over their heads with an awful roar. Flame perked up his ears, shook his head and darted up sideways onto the steep road bank.

Patty tumbled into the ditch. Her clothes got dirty but she wasn't hurt. By the time she picked herself up, Flame was tearing up the hill lickety-split, toward home. As he turned in the lane, Patty saw the saddle slip and go under his middle.

"Now, what will happen?" she moaned. "He'll probably tramp on it!"

As fast as she could, she ran back toward the Craig farm. The saddle lay in the dust in the lane—the girth strap was broken and a deep gash was torn in the saddle seat.

Almost in tears, Patty lugged the saddle to the barn. There Flame stood by the door, innocently waiting to be let inside.

I'll never get to ride him again, Patty thought. Just then an idea struck her. Why not put Flame back where she found him, hang the saddle up and never tell Sharon? If she went on back home and said nothing, how could Sharon ever know?

So that's what Patty did. She even cut across the back field to avoid meeting Sharon on the road as she came home from town. Until supper time she did not talk to anyone.

WHILE THEY were eating, Patty's brother Stevie told about his broken tricycle.

"Wasn't broken yesterday morning," he said.

"Yes, but John and Bob played here yesterday afternoon. Did it get broken then?" Patty asked.

"No, it was okay when I went in to help Mom fix the lemonade and cake. Say! Maybe that was when it got broken—when I was gone, I mean. Maybe they put it away before I came back. Suppose they . . ."

(Continued on page 26.)

PATTY MANOR scurried along the dusty country road between her home and Sharon Craig's. It had been almost a week since she had seen her best friend. To Patty it seemed even longer since she had ridden Flame, Sharon's red-gold pony. How she loved the pony! And now Sharon had a new saddle and bridle that Patty had never seen—birthday gifts from her grandfather.

The Craig's collie dog barked when she went in the gate. Patty noticed their car was gone. When she knocked on the door, no one answered. Not a sound. Just the hot August stillness of lazy bees humming and once in a while a cricket's chirping. Even the cats looked lonesome. She turned and walked back toward the gate. Might as well go back home, she thought. If she had only phoned before she started.

Just then she heard Flame's shrill whinny down at the barn. "It wouldn't hurt just to look at the pony," she said to herself, "even if they aren't home."

But when she got to the barn and saw Flame in his box stall and the new brown saddle and bridle hanging on the wall behind him, it was too much for Patty. She just *had* to try them out!

"It will be just a little teeny, short ride," she told herself.

Excitedly she bridled and saddled the pony. She got on. "My, he's a nice pony," she thought. "I'll just ride down to the end of the lane and come right back." She loved the smell of the new leather, the feel of the slender reins in her hands, the cool breeze blowing through her black curls.

At the end of the lane she hesitated—just a minute. "I'll ride down the hill," she decided. "Not very far—Sharon won't care."

She gave Flame a tiny jab in the ribs. He started to trot. She wished she could ride fast like Sharon did—so fast that her hair would stand straight be-

By MARION MARSH BROWN

Little Grandma's Surprise

*Here's a story of corn and
cockleburs, of a little
grandma and her great
big windmill*

PAM AND CAM, the Beebe twins, lived on a farm in Iowa, where the tall corn grows. In fact, at that very moment they were right between two rows of dark green cornstalks as tall as their heads, in their father's cornfield. Each of them had on tan shorts and a white sweat shirt, and each of them had a hoe. Therein lay the trouble.

"Do you think we'll ever get all these old cockleburs?" Cam asked, stopping to lean on his hoe and mop the perspiration off his forehead with the back of his hand.

"I s'pose—if we keep at it long enough," replied Pam matter-of-factly.

Cam sighed.

"You sound just like Little Grandma," he said, and began chopping again at the cockleburs that Father said would "choke the corn" if they were not cut out.

"Of course," Pam agreed. "Little Grandma always says, 'You'll get it done if you just keep at it long enough.' And we always do."

"I wonder what the surprise will be if we get all the cocklebur?"

"When we get them," Pam corrected, and both hoes chopped harder as both children thought about the surprise.

Pam's and Cam's Little Grandma lived in a little house not far from their big house. A little sidewalk ran between the two houses, and ever since Pam and Cam had learned to walk, little feet had run constantly back and forth along the little walk. Those little feet were Pam's and Cam's and their little dog Jackie's.

But what *would* be waiting for them tonight at Little Grandma's end of the walk? Sometimes it was homemade ice cream. Sometimes it was fried chicken. Sometimes it was a picnic.

"There's just one patch left,"

Cam said at last, as he and Pam stopped to cool off in the shade of the hedgerow at the end of the field.

"And it's not very big," Pam said. "Let's get it done, so we can go home and find out what our surprise is." They

sprang up and hoed again.

"Oh, but I'm hot," groaned Cam as they finished.

"And dirty," moaned Pam.

"And sticky," groaned Cam.

"Ugh," moaned Pam.

They hung their hoes in the tool shed and went to the house.

"All done?" smiled Mother.

"Little Grandma said for me to send you over to her house as soon as you came."



Pam looked at Cam, and Cam looked at Pam, and then clatter-clatter-clatter went their feet on the little walk that led to Little Grandma's.

"Here we are, Little Grandma," called Pam at the back door.

"Here we are, Little Grandma," called Cam in the kitchen.

No answer. The children ran through the house and out the front door. Little Grandma was not in the front yard, so they ran around to the side of the house where the garden and the well were. Perhaps she was working in the garden or getting a pail of water. Then they spied her.

"Little Grandma, what are you doing?" cried Cam.

"What are you doing, Little Grandma?" cried Pam, and the twins started toward her where she stood beside the pump.

"Come here and see," she said.

They were at her side, but still they could see nothing except a funny piece of hose hung over a forked stick beside the old watering tank. The tank was never used now because Grandma did not have any horses or cows to drink from it.

"Get all the cockleburs conquered?" asked Little Grandma, turning on the windmill.

"We hope so," said Pam.

"We chopped their heads off," said Cam.

(Continued on page 31.)



GREETINGS from the other side of the equator. The weather is nice just now. The mornings are damp and rather foggy, but before long the sun is shining brightly. It gets a little warm by afternoon, but the evenings are lovely and the nights grand for sleeping. We have no rain at all from the middle of May until September or October. They tell us that toward the end of the dry season the place looks rather bare, but right now there are still lots of flowers and green grass. The grapefruit trees back of our house are just loaded with large golden fruit. And it is almost time for the pineapples to be ripe. So actually we consider our winter a very pleasant season.

♦ ♦ ♦

The houses in the villages are made of bamboo, mud, and sticks, with thatch roofs. Sometimes you see a house with walls of papyrus, and occasionally there is one of brick. The floors are dirt and are

Here, on the fringes of the Christian world, two missionaries describe life among the natives—their homes, washday, bathing, a wedding and a funeral, worship services, and more in . . .

family life i

from CONGO DIARY¹

by CHESTER and MARGARET JUMP

swept clean several times a day. Some of the people have wooden frameworks on which they can put their papyrus sleeping mats, but most of them put the mats on the grounds. Back of the house is a cook house similar to the main one, but not so large. In nice weather cooking is done out of doors. And back of the cook house are the goat pens, chicken coops, and other necessary buildings. You wonder whether animal pens are necessary since the pigs, goats, chickens, and dogs are allowed to roam all over the place. The houses are lined up on either side of the main thoroughfare. In the center of the village are the church and school, often the same building used for both purposes.

♦ ♦ ♦

We left Leo last Friday and are traveling in real style, as we have the director's suite on the "Mosango." It is a bedroom, bath, and sitting room, and the bathroom is almost as large as the "Joao Belo" cabin in which we made the trip from the States.

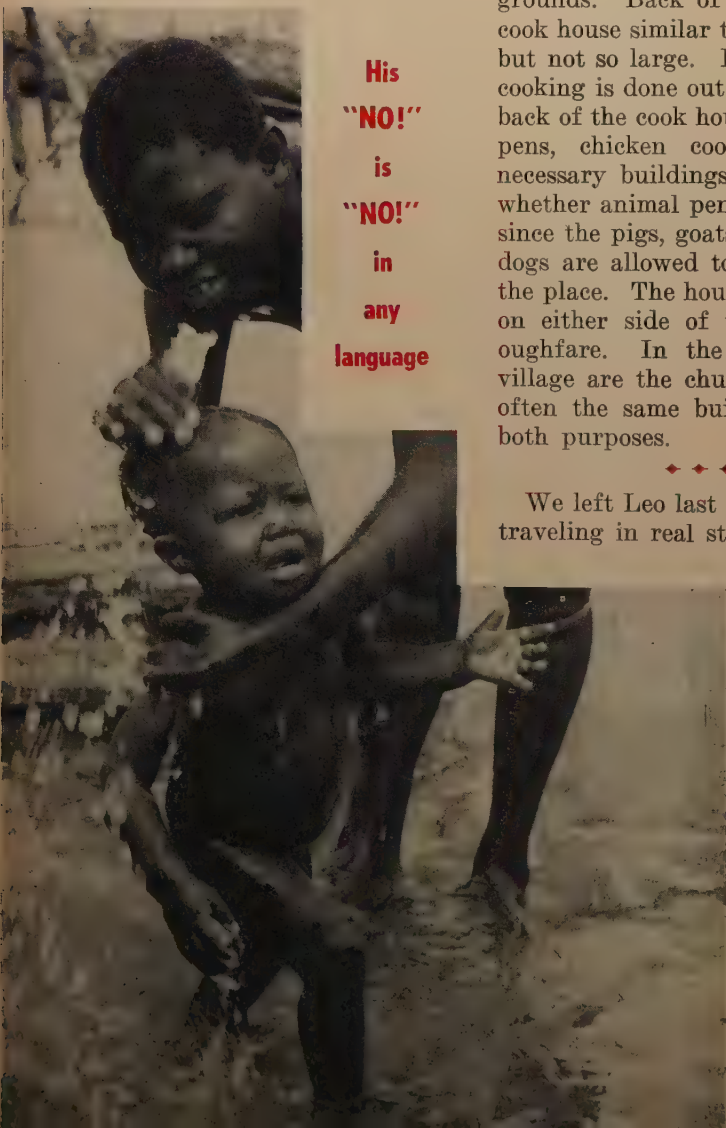
It has been interesting to see the change in the landscape, from the high grassy hills of the lower Congo to the flat forest lands of this region. The foliage is quite dense most of the way. When we do see a clearing we are almost sure it is a wood post and that we'll stop for fuel. But then, in addition to watching the workmen carrying their huge bundles, we can watch the children playing in the water and the mothers bathing their babies. Needless to say swimming suits are out of style for the youngsters, but laughing and splashing are certainly the custom. The babies are just like babies everywhere. Some of them like to be washed and some cry. The mothers who have soap lather their children well, and then dip them up and down several times until they are well rinsed. Those who haven't any soap just dip. Most of them follow the same procedure. First they bathe themselves, wearing their dresses in the water, then they change clothes, wash those they have been wearing, bathe the children, and lastly fill their water jugs, settle them on their heads, take the youngsters on their backs or by the hands, and start up the path to the village.

♦ ♦ ♦

Everywhere there were children. And to me these children of Congo

¹Published by the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society.

His
"NO!"
is
"NO!"
in
any
language



A good catch on any continent. Here, in the Belgian Congo, the entire yield is pooled and then distributed among all groups in the village.

frica



are the challenge of Congo. As they sit or stand and watch us, it seems that each shining pair of eyes is asking, "Why are you here? What do you have for us? How are you going to help us?"

As we go to the different villages, almost before we see the houses and gardens we hear the children coming to meet us. Before long we see them marching with flowers in their hands and songs on their lips. But as we meet, the excitement is too much for the little ones. They break ranks and come tumbling at us from all directions calling "Moyo" and clapping their hands. As we continue into the village they follow us, lead us, run beside us, clapping their hands, laughing, singing, and shouting. Then there is a sudden rush and we are left with the adults of the village—the more sedate ones. The others have joined the children in the scramble for seats. And another service begins.

There are all sorts of children. There are some with dirty faces, some whose faces are still wet from their baths, some with clean new clothes, some with pants so ragged you wonder how they can keep them on, and others with a cloth about three inches square, or a string of brightly colored beads, and others with only their brown birthday suits. Some have healthy firm bodies, others are covered with sores, are sick and undernourished. Many of them are holding babies, some of which are only a few days old, others almost as big as the older brother or sister. But they are all there crowding and pushing to sit up front where they can see.

I have counted twelve of them on a bench where I was sure only six could sit.

During the service they are just like their brothers and sisters of America—attentive at first, but sleepy, noisy, or restless as the service continues. They sing as though the life of the song depends on their putting as much gusto into it as possible. Sometimes they are off key. The school children sing very well, and have presented some really beautiful selections. The boys at Mobini sang "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross" in a way that would be a credit to any boys' choir.

♦ ♦ ♦

When the service is over the children are the first to leave stumbling and falling over the benches and each other. Then they rush to our house to wait for us. They hang on the window sills, sit on the porch, everywhere possible so that they can see what we are doing. Curiosity, yes, but more than mere curiosity. For the children, like all the people of Congo, want to learn. They have an in-

satiable thirst to know—anything, everything. And we missionaries have a tremendous responsibility for we are their teachers. We must instill in their hearts and minds an eagerness to know Jesus and the good things of life. For we know that He is the only real answer to their longings and needs. And so the children watch us, trying to see how we live, how we act, trying to learn from our lives.

As I write this I recall the picture of one little girl as she tried to teach her baby brother to walk. She held out her hands to the child and he kept following her as she backed away from him. Through us, your missionaries, you are extending your hands to these Congo children. You are teaching them to walk. And our pledge to you and to them is that we will use what you send, and with God's help they will learn to walk in the road of Eternal Life.

♦ ♦ ♦

The work of the church is to spread the story of Christ so that the lost sheep may be won. Those who have accepted Christ need to

be nurtured. They must understand the importance of a Christian home, the sacredness of marriage, the evils of adultery, divorce, and drinking. It was felt that the marriage dowry, which customarily goes to the relatives of the bride, should instead be used to help the young couple to start



Above—a fishing village scene. Left—a girl making Bangonju (a dish of greens). She is pounding the greens.

their home. This was especially favored by the fathers who have a number of sons. Those with daughters are a little more reluctant, but the very fact that the question was raised at all shows that our people are beginning to understand the value of Christian home life, better training in homemaking for the girls, and better training of the mothers so that they can teach their children. The women want to know more about how to have daily devotions in their homes, how to take better care of their children—spiritually, mentally and physically. There is also a need for the training of women to teach classes for girls, and to take positions of leadership in the church.

♦ ♦ ♦

In many ways Christmas in Congo is different from Christmas in the United States. In the first place, it is definitely not a "White Christmas" for December brings the hot season in earnest. The holly, mistletoe, and evergreens are missing too except for some artificial substitutes purchased through the mail order catalogue. The last minute Christmas shopping doesn't need to be done. The few gifts we've ordered by mail

several months ago may arrive in time to give as birthday gifts, but for Christmas we have those we ordered a year ago to give to fellow missionaries, house boys, and each other. There's no hustle and bustle to make sure that all the "fixings" for Christmas dinner are on hand. If they aren't we'll just do without—there are no stores within one hundred miles.

Yes there is a difference, but somehow or other it isn't noticeable at the time. For many of the things are just the same. There is the same rehearsing for Christmas pageants, planning of parties for school children, wrapping of gifts, sending of greetings. Pine-scented and star-shaped candles on the table help to make up for the missing holly and evergreen. The Christmas duck tastes just as good as his American cousin. The carols have the same sweet melodies even if the words are in a different tongue. And most of all the spirit of the Christ child is present here just as it is at home.

♦ ♦ ♦

The brighter the colors are, the more the people like them. And bright colors do look pretty on these

folk. Some of the most attractive dresses are made of yellow, orange, or red cloth. Big splashy prints, pretty bandannas, and colored beads make the women's side of the church look like a flower garden on Sunday morning. One of my favorite dresses is made of blue cloth showing Congo stamps interspersed with leopards. Another has pictures of butterflies, spiders, caterpillars, and several uncatalogued insects all over it. The flowers of Congo are brightly colored too, and each Sunday morning we have a bouquet in the front of the church. One of the prettiest sights I've seen recently was a little girl, shiny brown skin, but not much else except a string of beads and two big orange daisies in her ears. All the girls have their ears pierced when they are babies, and if they haven't earrings they carry their pencils in the holes.

♦ ♦ ♦

An even larger group of men in the villages need help. It is the young men who have never been to school or who have been in village or regional schools just long enough to learn to read who need help. They are the ones who keep the drums going as they dance their heathen dances. They are the ones who are responsible for the high rate of immorality and venereal disease. They are the ones who carry on much of the witchcraft and evil in the villages. But what is there for them to do? They are young and full of life. They work during the day—cutting palm nuts, growing fibre, or doing many of the other tasks that

(Continued on page 31.)

WHAT THE CHURCHES ARE DOING IN

family life



By J. D. MONTGOMERY

The early fall offers a good opportunity for leaders to include an emphasis on family life in the general church program for the winter months. Churches are more and more making this emphasis in their annual church programs.

Sunday Evening Family Fellowship

At the East Dallas Christian Church, Dallas, Texas, family fellowship meetings with study and worship are held at the church on Sunday evenings during the winter months. These meetings are planned well in advance and provide for all age groups. They are conducted from 6:00 to 8:00 P.M. on Sunday evenings. The nursery of the church is open during this time to enable parents with small children to enter into the activities of the evening. There are three distinct features of the program:

1. *The Fellowship Period*—from 6:00 to 6:30, P.M., when a light evening meal is served by the church at a very modest price. During this snack, informal fellowship takes place around the tables.

2. *Group Meetings*—for children, youth and adults, from 6:30 to 7:10 P.M. Here the various age groups conduct study and activity programs in line with their own interests.

3. *Worship for the Entire Group*—in the sanctuary of the church from 7:15 to 8:00 P.M. This brings to a climax the activities of the evening and also unites the family together in a constructive and reverent service of worship.

These Sunday Evening Family Fellowship gatherings of the East Dallas Church add a unique feature which is so often missing in churches that no longer have the traditional Sunday evening preaching service. Many churches have constructive Sunday evening programs for intermediates and youth, but leave out the younger children and the adults. The program in this church, it will be noted, provides a place for both the children and the adults by including the family.

The themes for the adult study and discussion group from January 6 through May 11, 1952, constitute a comprehensive and challenging series of topics. For the first six weeks the topics were planned around the general theme, "Building a Better Community." These dealt with such current subjects as "How to Stay Alive on the Streets," "Reclaiming Juvenile Delinquents," "A Christian's Responsibility Toward City Government," and "Toward Better Understanding."

For the next three weeks the topics were around the theme "Religion and the News." The next four weeks were given to the study of "Religious Reports from Abroad," including studies on Southern Europe, the Middle East and Mexico. Then came two special programs interpreting the Easter message.

The last four topics of the series were designed to lead up to Christian Family Week, built around "Today's Marriage Problems":

Are You Ready for Marriage?
Stumbling Blocks or Stepping Stones?
Inter-Faith Marriages
The Home's Lasting Foundation

Workshop on Christian Family Life

During the evenings of March 30, 31, and April 1, a successful Workshop on Christian Family Life was held in the First Christian Church, Centralia, Missouri, for the churches in that district. Sixty-three persons, including some twenty-five couples, participated, with three leaders from outside the district sharing in the leadership.

The program started each evening at 7:00 with a worship service led by one of the families of the host church. This was an attractive feature, demonstrating, as it did, how families can conduct worship in the home.

Following the worship, Kenneth A. Kuntz, a visiting minister, delivered the address of the evening, using as his themes for the three evenings:

Sunday: Teaching Religion in the Home

Monday: Family Fellowship and Creative Activities

Tuesday: A Christian Family Life Program in the Church

These challenging messages gripped the attention of each person attending and served as a basis for the workshop discussion groups which followed.

Those present were then divided into three groups on the basis of interest for a forty-minute period in workshop groups during the first two evenings. These were the workshop topics:

"Parents and children sharing their Christian faith in the home"

"Parents and teachers sharing their tasks in Christian education"

"Parents, adults and youth sharing the experience of Christian living"

The leaders of the workshop groups were chosen well in advance of the opening of the workshop. On the third evening, the groups met together during this period and shared the findings of the discussion during the two previous evenings.

For the closing period each evening, one of the new filmstrips on Christian family life served as the basis for study and discussion. The filmstrips used were: *For the Record*, *No Easy Answer*, and *Harvest from Holidays*.

Those who attended the workshop were enthusiastic in their evaluation of the effects of the program on the home. It suggests a program which could be used in a local church as well as for a group of leaders from various churches.

During the three evenings there was a display of books and literature which are available on home and family life.



"In love? Mom!"

*MRS. L. M. BECK learned by experience
that a span of years and the changes
they had wrought were not insurmount-
able barriers separating her from her teen-
age daughter. It is to help other
mothers that she has written . . .*

A Mother Speaks to Mothers

IT WAS A WARM September afternoon. I was sitting near the open window of the living room, idly turning over the pages of a magazine. Deidre, my teenage daughter, was out on the porch with Elsie, one of her friends. They had just returned from school. I could hear their voices plainly, though not their words.

Suddenly—possibly because of a change in the direction of the wind—a scrap of conversation floated in to me.

"Why don't you tell your mother about it?" The voice was Elsie's. "Ask her what you'd better do."

"That wouldn't help," Deidre replied. "She wouldn't understand."

The magazine on my lap slipped to the floor as I half rose from my chair. Did she really think that!

After a short silence Elsie ventured a dubious "But she might!"

Then came the revealing answer, "She couldn't. She's living away in the last generation!"

I waited, spellbound, but I could hear nothing after that except a low mumble of sound. I had not intended to eavesdrop, but I had been too astonished at what I had heard to move away. I continued to sit there, trying to control my emotion, and thinking about this unexpected information as clearly and impartially as I could. I had realized for some time that there are many differences of opinion between present-day mothers and their adolescent daughters, and that my own relationship to Deidre was not as close as it had once been. *Love* was there, just the same as ever, but there was something missing, something that per-

haps might be described as comradeship and understanding.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS are naturally the product of two different generations, but at the present time the cleft between those generations seems to be widening considerably, probably because the tempo of life is much faster now than it has ever been. The whole world is moving forward so rapidly that, if we are not careful, some of us are likely to be left behind. Perhaps, I thought, I had already been left behind!

I was comparatively young in actual years, yet to a girl of fourteen, forty-two must seem almost senile. I looked upon myself as being quite modern in my outlook upon life, yet I suppose I did not understand the new trend sufficiently well. I expected my daugh-

ter to behave exactly as I did at her age; yet conditions have changed, bringing with them also changes in manners and customs. Life is much more free now. There is more familiarity between boys and girls, and things that were once considered hush-hush are now freely discussed by teen-agers. We may not like the modern trend, but there is not much we can do to change it. In certain ways, it may even be better, for there is less hypocrisy and secretiveness now.

Yet, after all, were we not much the same then as our daughters are now? We, too, had adolescent "crushes." We had the same rebellion against social conventions, but we did not say so much about it. We had the same moodiness, the same feeling of not being understood. I wonder how many girls—modern girls—realize that.

Later on, I heard Elsie go away, and then Deidre entered the living room.

OH!" SHE EXCLAIMED, "I didn't know you were here, Mom. Were you sleeping?"

"No, dear, not sleeping. Just thinking. Thinking of the old days when I was young—like you. Thinking that when I was your age, I was very much in love."

"In love? Mom!" She put her books on the table and sat down on the ottoman at my feet. "Do tell me about it."

"Would you really like to hear? I don't think it could be very interesting for anyone else." I tried to speak calmly, casually.

"Yes, do tell, Mom."

"Well, there was a boy. He was a few years older than I was, and I hardly knew him, yet I fell violently in love with him." The almost forgotten past came back in a flood of painful memories.

"Was that Dad?"

"No, dear, that wasn't Dad. I didn't meet your dad until long after that. Well, as I said, I really loved him, but he didn't love me. He couldn't have loved me because we had never even spoken to each other. I didn't even know his people, except by sight. I was in high school, but he was working in an office. I knew the time he would pass the house, and whenever possible I would be outside in the

garden or somewhere on the sidewalk at that time. I used to fancy he looked out for me, too, for his eyes seemed to follow me, and sometimes there was a sort of half smile on his lips. Things went on like that for months; then one day, when I was fifteen, I heard in a roundabout way that he was ill with tuberculosis. He—he died soon afterwards!"

"Oh, Mom!" I pretended not to see the tears in her eyes, but there was a sob in my own throat as I continued.

"They say girls of that age don't really know what love is—that it's only some sort of calf-love that is soon over. But they're wrong. I never forgot, and for a long time—a very long time—I felt there was nothing left to live for. I wished I could die too."

Deidre's hand stole into mine. "Did you tell Dad?" she asked.

"Yes, I told him, but he didn't think it was of much importance. I never told anyone else—until now. It takes a woman to understand these things."

MOM," SHE WHISPERED, "I'm in love, too."

"Darling! Do you want to tell me about it? Do I know him?"

"No, I don't think you've met him. And he doesn't even know I'm on the earth. Just gives me a casual "hello" when we pass one another. Oh, Mom, what can I do to make him notice me?"

"How about asking him here some evening, to play records or something? You could invite Elsie and one or two others as well. Then you could toast your sandwiches and—I think you'd have a good time, don't you? In that way he'd get to know you better. Just tell him you're having a few people over, and ask if he'd like to come, too."

"Oh, Mom, what a swell idea! I'm so glad I told you. And I thought—I thought you wouldn't understand."

"Of course I understand," I assured her. "Don't you see how hard it is sometimes just to be a parent when one would so much rather be—a pal?"

I felt happier then than I had felt for a long time. Perhaps those who read of my own way of solving this problem may feel inclined to try it for themselves. If they do, I feel sure the result will be just as satisfactory.

All in the Family

BY HAROLD HELFER

In Hamilton, Ontario, Mrs. Grace Bingham, who became a grandmother the year before, at the age of thirty-four, gave birth to a son. The infant thus became the uncle of her grandson.

✕ ✕ ✕

The police department of Sheffield Lake, Ohio, is strictly a family affair. The chief is Henry Miller, the assistant chief is Ruth Miller, his wife. The local police have been noted for the raising of bloodhounds, trained by Ruth Ann Miller, 17, and her sister, Mary Jane, 10, daughters of the chief and his assistant.

✕ ✕ ✕

Most families would consider it quite a feat if one member of a family was able to get a hole-in-one at golf. But the Hoefles of

Brooklyn, have three generations of aces. In 1939, Dr. Frank Hoefle scored a hole-in-one. In 1949 his son, Dr. Milton A. Hoefle, duplicated the shot on the same hole. Two years later, Dr. Frank Hoefle's grandson, Frank II, 14, got himself a hole-in-one.

✕ ✕ ✕

Mrs. Louise Frank, of Saginaw, Michigan, and Mrs. Julia Goschke, of Marion Springs, Michigan, twins, recently held another family reunion, just as they have each year since 1900. Louise and twin Julia are eighty-seven years old.

✕ ✕ ✕

Things were right quiet around the I. E. Stephens, Fort Worth, Texas, home for a few days after a trip to the hospital by the family's five youngsters. All five had their tonsils removed.

This Is the Way We Did It . . .

*Even an old shoe needs a rest; but how about
Mother, who, day after day, may be
hurried and harried?*

Lease on Life for Mother

By PEARL NEILSON

WHETHER originated the saying that woman's work is never done must have been thinking of mothers, for it most certainly applies to them more than to anyone else. Moreover, no matter how dearly a mother loves her children, there are moments when she longs for peace, quiet, and freedom from responsibility for a few hours at least. One mother's solution may help others.

With seven children of her own and two stepchildren, she found it practically impossible to have any time for herself or any place where her belongings were free from molestation. The more she thought of the problem, the more she realized that, for her own sake as well as the children's, this condition should not exist. At last, she hit upon a plan which worked. While the youngest were still small, she set apart one place in the house to be known as "Mother's Corner," and established a rigid rule that its rights were not to be violated. Gently but firmly, often with a touch of humor, she impressed the entire family from baby up to Dad with the idea that Mother's Corner was exactly what the name implied—*Mother's*—and no one else was to occupy it without permission.

As the children grew older, she also established Mother's Day Off. "You are at home on Saturday," she told them, "and you oldest ones are big enough to look after everything; so from now on Saturday is *my* day. You can take care of the house and the family."

Objections rose on every hand—"I want to play ball on Saturday!" . . . "I promised to go down town with Susie!" . . . "I planned a picnic!" . . .

Mother met them all smilingly but unrelentingly. "I want to go somewhere, too," she assured them, "but I can't when you are not here to get meals, keep house, and take care of the younger children. It is only fair that Saturday be *my* day, and you will have to arrange your own programs accordingly."

At first, there were complications. Quarrels cropped up now and then, questions arose along various lines. First one child and then another wanted advice or help. The answer was always the same: "You will have to settle your own disputes and make your own decisions. This is *my* day. I am not here at all."

Gradually the children came to enjoy the responsibility, to take pride in freeing mother that day, and, incidentally, they assumed more responsibility on other days as they realized what a load she was carrying. Sometimes she went down town; sometimes she visited an old friend; sometimes she retired to her corner and wrote clever rhymes which came to her with the newly acquired freedom; sometimes she just read, a luxury not often possible with the care of a husband, a house, and nine children.

As the years passed, Mother's Day Off became an institution, and the idea spread to other families, while the mothers who lacked the courage to inaugurate the plan in their own households looked on enviously.

Why not give it a trial? It might mean a new lease on life for YOU!

Stolen Ride

(From page 18.)

"Sure!" exclaimed Patty. "That's when they wrecked it! If I were you I'd find out who did it, too! If they had only told . . ."

But she didn't finish. Suddenly she was remembering her own experience that afternoon.

Patty knew what she must do. "Mom," she said, "I didn't get to play with Sharon this afternoon. She wasn't home. Could I go over a little while tonight? It won't be dark for a long time yet."

"I guess, so," her mother said. "But wait! I'll drive over. I want to borrow an apron pattern from Mrs. Manor."

Sharon met them at the gate. "Come on, Patty. Let's ride the pony!" Together they raced for the barn. At the door Patty stopped suddenly.

"You're going to be mad when you see your saddle."

"Why?" Sharon looked puzzled.

"I mean . . ." Patty stammered, "that . . . that I was here and rode your pony and broke your new saddle."

Sharon frowned and dashed toward the saddle hanging on the wall behind Flame. "Broke my new saddle . . . how?"

"I rode Flame . . . and an airplane scared him. I fell off. He ran away and the saddle slipped off." She watched her friend look at the broken strap. "But I'll pay for having it fixed," Patty went on shakily. "I'll . . ."

But Sharon stopped her. "Forget it! Sure, it can be fixed. Come on, let's ride. We'll ride bareback!" She smiled at Patty—a great big smile.

"No, Sharon," Patty said quietly. "If you won't let me pay you, then I won't feel welcome to ride him again. You see, Mom gives me fifty cents each week for helping her. I'll pay you twenty-five cents each week until it's paid for. Will you let me?"

"If it will make you feel better . . . Yes, I'll take the money. But come on now! We're still friends! Let's have a nice ride!"

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

Biblegram, page 12.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise: Which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, Provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest" (Proverbs 6:6-8).

The Words

A Cheese	L Shove
B Three	M Forever
C Rachel	N Instant
D Enough	O Tough
E Green	P Huge
F Raven	Q Minister
G Harp	R Dwight
H Shaved	S Birthday
I Matthew	T Radio
J Doughnut	U Diner
K Tomorrow	V Sailor
W Heeds	

This Is the Way We Did It . . .

Hearthstone would like to hear from its readers regarding the way they have handled certain problems and situations which have come up in their families. Write-ups should be limited to 500 words or less. Contributions which are accepted will be paid for at regular rates. Only those articles will be returned which carry return postage. Here is the chance for our readers to write!



Family Counselor

Marsha is in serious danger of losing her sweetheart simply because she is destroying her feminine allure by a masculine habit. Girls should build up their appeal instead of tearing it down. Male characteristics de-feminize a girl and thus reduce her charm.

Question (concerning Marsha K., aged 22, who is talented, attractive and socially prominent): "Dr. Crane, I fell in love with Marsha two years ago while we were in college," her boys friend informed me. "But she smokes a package of cigarettes per day. I have urged her to stop this habit, and she has professed a desire to do so, but she never does.

"Although I am not so narrow-minded as to disapprove entirely of girls who smoke, I shouldn't wish to marry anybody whose health has been harmed through smoking. If Marsha were to stop now, would she be a healthy mother capable of bearing healthy children? Dr. Crane, what are the injurious effects of tobacco?"

MEDICAL INVESTIGATIONS

Answer: Tobacco is not as injurious to one's safety and intelligence as alcohol, but it does have certain mental and physical disadvantages.

Professor C. L. Hull conducted one of the most thorough experiments on the effect of tobacco. He examined his subjects the first hour and a half after smoking, and found that mental mathematics, rote learning and memory span were reduced by use of tobacco. Recent medical investigations have also shown that tobacco has a decided influence in causing spasms

of the blood vessels, as of the hands and feet, so that the fingers may grow pale and cold as a result of smoking.

Whether repeated use of tobacco will contribute to a permanent state of high blood pressure, therefore, is suggested but not conclusively proved by such temporary effects on the blood vessels. Physicians, however, cut down or eliminate tobacco entirely in patients with various diseases of the heart and blood vessels, showing their clinical fear of tobacco.

HOW TOBACCO HARMS GIRLS

There are two other serious disadvantages of tobacco, especially for girls and women. First, smoking has a masculine flavor or connotation. As I have repeatedly warned you girl readers, never destroy any of your feminine appeal, for you become less attractive thereby to the opposite sex. Just as masculine profanity and slang, hard liquor and risqué stories, callousness regarding children and other unfortunates, are detrimental to a girl's feminine charm, so is the use of tobacco.

A stunning girl may win a man despite her use of alcohol and tobacco, but why jeopardize your chances by throwing away some of your feminine attractiveness? In this competitive age, girls need all the charm they can procure in order to win husbands and then hold them. Indeed, a man's lack of money or a job, and other economic factors are all fighting against girls who wish to wear a wedding veil. With such strong opposition, therefore, no girl should wantonly discard her feminine appeal to men.

TOBACCO CAUSES JITTERS

Tobacco causes its victims to have the jitters as soon as they have gone without a cigarette overly long. It also contributes to cancer of the mouth and throat, as well as of the stomach. Women are now showing more of such cancers since they have allowed themselves to be the victims of our clever tobacco advertisers.

So, learn to control your life by your head instead of by your stomach and other appetites. Eliminate your bad habits. Remember, too, that a typical cigarette smoker burns up more than \$1 per week, or \$52 per year, on tobacco.

Let your children grow up emotionally. Don't stunt them by too much mollycoddling. Indeed, measure yourself by the rating scale described today and see if you, too, are emotionally immature. Probably the greatest cause of divorce and unhappiness, is emotional immaturity in grown men and women.

Question: When our oldest son George was eight years old, he brought home an invitation for us to attend his Parent-Teacher Association.

"The teacher wrote it on the blackboard and we copied it," he proudly exclaimed, as his mother opened his note at the luncheon table.

"What's this?" Mrs. Crane asked when she reached the bottom of the missive. George grinned.

I looked at the slip of paper. He had signed this invitation with

"Your dopey son, George." Shades of the seven dwarfs, you see!

"Did your teacher tell you to do that?" his mother inquired.

"Oh, no," he quickly replied. "Her note on the blackboard said 'Your loving son,' but all the boys blushed at that. They couldn't think of anything else, though. But I did," and he was proud as a peacock.

Why did all the boys blush at the thought of signing themselves, "Your loving son," when addressing their mothers?

EMOTIONAL GROWTH

Answer: These youngsters were simply at the "gang" stage in their emotional development, so they abhorred anything that pertained to the opposite sex. They felt that an affectionate conclusion to their note branded them as sissy. Even at the age of eight, therefore, a very definite sex distinction is made between girls and boys. This is the stage where we find boys ridiculing tears as evidence of sissiness. They also scoff at curly hair on their own sex and

delight in tweaking similar adornments on the heads of their girl classmates.

Many fond parents seem oblivious to these interesting psychological changes in their children. You can enjoy your children much more, however, if you intelligently observe them pass into these definite phases of their development.

FIXATED OLD BACHELORS

There are various levels in our emotional growth, starting with the infant's egocentric stage, followed by the parental, then the gang or homosexual, the heterosexual, and finally the level of altruism, which is the top stage in emotional evolution. Many grown men and women, brilliant and possibly successful in their business or professional careers, are still occupying a more childish emotional plane. Some are fixated on aged parents so they never can get up nerve and resolution to marry, or, if they do, they soon run home to mama or papa. Others are adult homosexuals, never evolving beyond the "gang" stage in their emotional growth. A great majority, however, reach the heterosexual

THE BRIGHTER SIDE

By Harold Helfer

● In Washington, D. C., Paul Pernecky enjoys his television set as much as anyone, even though he's deaf. He reads the lips of the TV performers.

● Milton S. Samuels, Memphis, had no regrets when he died. Mr. Samuels wrote out a statement after his wife's death and asked that it be read when he died. It said:

"My house is in order; I am sure of myself and have no fear. I start out each day with the thought in mind of serving my fellow man and doing as much good as I can. I had a wonderful wife. I have a wonderful daughter, son-in-law and granddaughter, who inspire me to go on and on. If I have an enemy under the canopy of heaven, I know not where. If I did, I would go out and square myself. So what more could one want in this life? . . ."

ual level, when they look to the opposite sex for affection and for mates.

STARVED CHILDREN

In America today we see little evidence of food-starved youngsters. But even in the best of homes, we can find children who are being stunted in their emotional development by overly fond parents who monopolize their youngsters and refuse to let them lead normal lives. Widows and divorced parents are especially prone to mollycoddle their children. So are those who have an only child, for they teach him to expect an undue amount of love throughout life.

In our home we have five youngsters. Each receives approximately 20 per cent of our parental attention. Suppose we had only one child and lavished the full 100 per cent of adult attention and care upon him. Wouldn't he be a more difficult man for his wife to live with happily than the child who has received only 20 per cent adult attention?

Most certainly! So equip your youngster for happy adulthood by letting him mature emotionally. Give him brothers and sisters, even if you must adopt another youngster.

(If you wish Dr. Crane's medico-psychological bulletin on "How to Quit Smoking," or any of his psychological charts, write to him in care of this magazine, and enclose a long 3c stamped-self-addressed envelope plus a dime.)

Give HEARTHSTONE to a Friend!

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STUDY GUIDE

on "The Family Can Share in Christian Work Abroad"

By FLORENCE M. SLY

I. In Advance of the Meeting

1. Make your plans and assignments early. Much of the success of any meeting comes because the participants are well prepared.

2. Why not start the discussion in a dramatic fashion?

a) A woman and ten-year-old boy dramatize the story of the boy and his savings.

b) Two girls, about seven or eight, present the dialogue about the Japanese doll festival.

c) A man and a sixteen-year-old boy discuss the India incident.

d) A family group considers the church envelope experience.

3. Choose the participants carefully, selecting those who will put themselves into the roles. Furnish each person a copy of the article to read and to prepare his part. Urge each group to hold one rehearsal.

4. Seek out among the parents a few who are attempting to do something to align the family behind the world-wide missionary task of the church. One family may use the nine-year-old girl's interest in a foreign doll collection to study the peoples of foreign countries and help in creating friendly, Christian attitudes toward these people as well as increasing the group's knowledge of missionary work. Ask a few parents to describe any such project they may have and to state how they feel these projects and practices in the home are helping the family share in Christian work abroad.

5. The leader should read the article carefully. Prepare questions that can be used to keep the discussion going following the presentations.

II. At the Meeting

1. Divide the entire group into four smaller groups and name one person as the spokesman of each group; assign the dramatizations, one to each group.

2. Instruct each group to pay particular attention to the presentation assigned.

3. After the presentations have been made, spend about 10 minutes in a discussion. Ask each spokesman to get reactions from his group on the following four points:

a) How can parents and children become acquainted with Christian work in other countries?

b) How can children and young people become interested in the life and customs of children and young people of other countries?

c) How may this interest eventuate into action to help in some way?

d) How can they have an active part in the church's work?

4. Give each spokesman about three to five minutes to report.

When Children Come with You

Plan to have a leader who has previously considered the possibilities of things to do and has made preparation to do some of the following things:

Show Pictures. Colored slides on some phase of missionary work of interest to children; a film-strip or movie would be good. *Jiro and Hanako of Japan* and *Sumo: Boy of Africa* are suggestions.

Look at Pictures. There are many good pictures in church publications about which stories may be told. *Around the World Picture Sets* (Friendship Press) might be used.

Tell Stories. Stories of children of other lands may be told. The primary and junior story papers are good resources for such stories.

Play Games. A few simple games from other lands should be selected to teach to the children. A good resource for appropriate games is *Children's Games from Many Lands*, by Nina Millen.

Sing Songs. Teach the children one or two songs from other lands. Excellent ones are found in *The Whole World Singing*, by Edith Lovell Thomas.

5. Call upon those who were asked to tell of family projects. Ask them to speak no longer than two or three minutes each. Describe the project, state how they feel it is helping their family share in Christian work abroad.

6. Invite the others to make any contribution they may have on the subject.

7. Open the meeting for general discussion and questions.

8. The leader should be prepared to sum up the discussion and to state the

points that came forth as ways in which the family can share in Christian work abroad.

III. To Further the Discussion

1. What is a school of missions? Should our church have one? Could we? How? How would it help us in our efforts in our individual families?

2. How much missionary education and information are contained in the Sunday church school lessons our boys and girls and young people use? Do the young people get much knowledge of our missionary work in their youth meetings? What can we do at home to supplement this and increase its effectiveness?

3. How many and what type of missionary books do we have in our church library? Do we as families make use of this library and use these books in our families? Do we have missionary books in our personal libraries? Do we regularly add new missionary books to our libraries?

4. Do we as families ever write to missionaries? Do we remember them in our family worship? Do we talk of them and their work in our family conversations as we do other friends who live nearer?

5. Do we attempt to entertain foreign students in our homes? Do we invite nationals and people of other cultures and races who may be living or visiting in our community to our homes?

6. Do we make efforts to get the members of our families to conventions or conferences to hear and meet missionaries?

7. What about our giving of money? Is our family gift for missions worthy of our interest and concern in carrying the message to all people?

8. How can we personalize our gifts? How can we help the members of our family see just what our money will do on the foreign field?

9. How can we help our families have a picture of all the types of work our missionaries carry on and the ways they serve the people in other countries?

10. How can we as parents help develop friendly Christian attitudes toward all people in our children and youth? Do we ourselves possess those attitudes?

IV. Resources

Missionary Education in Your Church, by Harner and Baker.

World Outreach, Church Program Planning Manual.

Good Neighbors, by Elizabeth C. Gardner.

Children love suckers!

By LOUISE PRICE BELL

Every child loves all-day suckers—only they don't last all day; so, in most homes, there is a pretty constant wail for nickels and dimes for suckers! Instead of letting the youngsters buy their suckers, which often aren't made of pure ingredients, why not get them a set of ice-treat molds at the nearest dime store and let them make their own? They will love making them by themselves; they can use their

favorite fruit juice, ice cream mix, junket sherbet mix, or almost anything they like. Some will even make plain ice suckers on warm days! The molds are less than a dime apiece, and the children can use them year after year to make all sorts of goodies frozen on a stick.

If Betty makes some berry-juice suckers, she will get quite a thrill out of offering one to her younger cousin when he comes over to spend the day. Chance are, they will



decide to make some more, using his favorite juice. The good part of it is, the treats cost so little that parents don't have to call a halt on the sucker-making!

Summer reminders about your DOG

By BILLIE ECKERT MARTIN

Have an ample supply of fresh drinking water available for your dog at all times during the warm weather.

Be sure that he has access to shade when he is outdoors. No dog should be unnecessarily exposed to the sun's rays in summer.

Do not overexercise your dog in warm weather, or cause him to be needlessly exerted in any fashion.

Do not tie your dog if it is avoidable. If he must be confined during hot weather, secure the ends of his leash to a long, suspended wire, so that he can have the run of at least thirty feet, with ready access to shade and water at all times.

Do not muzzle a dog during hot weather if it is avoidable.

Keep your dog away from poison

ivy. Dogs are as vulnerable to its effects as human beings are. If you have reason to suspect that your dog has contracted ivy poisoning, take him to a veterinarian at once for treatment. The effect can be agonizing to your pet and, in some cases, extremely serious.

Groom your dog regularly during the warm months, and be on the alert for any sign of skin disturbances. Though canine skin disorders are not confined to the summer, they are more frequent at that time. If such disturbances are noted, consult a veterinarian at once. Skin ailments are often extremely serious in nature, and can cause your pet great

suffering, damage to his coat, and, not infrequently, actual death. They are never a matter for home medication.

Give your dog's ears extra care and attention during the warm months, especially if your pet is a long-eared breed. If he goes swimming, wipe his ears very gently with a piece of cotton when he comes out of the water. Then

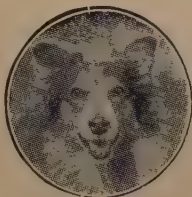
make a paper cone or funnel, fit it into his ear, and blow a bit of borated powder lightly into the ear canal. Much painful ear trouble may be avoided in this manner. If, despite precautions, your dog's ears seem to be giving him distress; if he rubs them, paws them, or rubs his head against the ground, do the wise and kind thing—consult a reliable veterinarian without delay. Ear ailments can cause great agony for your pet, and, like skin disorders, can be of most serious nature.

Do not use poisonous weed deterrents on lawns where a dog is allowed to run, and do not allow the dog to go near plants that have been freshly sprayed with poisonous substances. A tortured death, by poisoning, may be the fate of your pet if you do.

Do not allow your dog to run at large. The number of dogs lost from their homes, and the number killed in traffic rises sharply during the summer months, by actual statistics.

Do not leave your dog confined in a closed car during the hot weather. If you must leave him in a parked car, be sure it is parked in the shade, and that the windows are rolled down sufficiently to allow ventilation without permitting the dog to escape.

Remember that your pet looks to you for care. Don't let him down!



Family Life in Africa

(From page 22.)

all to men in this land. In the evening they return to their one-room mud huts. They have no books, and many of them couldn't read them if they did. There are no organized games or sports for them, no meetings of Christian young people to attend, so they dance or carry on their other heathen practices. They need someone to take an interest in them, to give them something worth while, to help them to find Christ, to follow him.

The women, too, should have their own missionary, someone who could spend all her time traveling in the district, meeting with them, encouraging them, showing them how to have better homes, healthier babies, better food, and, above all, showing them that Jesus wants them just as much as he wants the men. The women have a feeling of inferiority. They think they can't learn to read, they think they can't learn new ways. A few of them have been courageous enough to try, and have shown that they can, but many more of them will never try unless we can get out to them.

♦ ♦ ♦

June, July, and August seem to be the months for Congo brides—probably because school graduation is in May and after the boys have received their diplomas they want marriage certificates. We had the privilege of attending the wedding of Peggy, one of our central school girls and teachers in the girls' school, and Balabuini Jackson, a student nurse at the hospital. Dr. Osterholm performed the ceremony. The bride wore a dress of changeable silk, short skirt, and a veil, silk stockings, and shoes. She carried a bouquet of bouganvillias. The groom provided all her clothing as well as some Eau de Cologne and dusting powder. Doris Wiseman had to supervise using the powder to keep the bride and all her friends from looking as though they had fallen into the flour barrel. After the ceremony the couple proceeded to their home in the nurses' village where a wedding feast was held. They were serenaded by the school boys and girls who were given a holiday from school in honor of the occasion. From now on the bride will wear long skirts to distinguish herself from the "still eligibles." She will discard her shoes however and be much more comfortable.

Chief Naboth Lebo was a great medal chief. He had many large villages to rule. His people respected him, and honored him as a great chief should be honored. At one time Chief Lebo was a member of one of our churches, and we believe that Chief Lebo renewed his faith in Christ Jesus, that when he died one Friday morning not so long ago, he died a Christian.

In the days before Christ came to Congo, and, in fact, for a long time afterwards, the death of a great chief was an occasion for much sorrowing and many superstitious and evil practices.

People were called from villages for miles around by the sound of trumpets made from animal horns. When they arrived there was dancing and wailing and crying. Many goats, sheep, and other animals had to be killed to appease the anger of the people who had then lost their chief. The people of the chief's village had to provide gifts so that the blame would not fall too heavily upon them. For several days they sat around their council fires listening while the family explained in lengthy proverbs that it was not their fault that the chief died, that they had done all they could for him. If the other people were satisfied then the chief could be buried. If not, more gifts had to be offered. As a part of the funeral rites a slave was killed and placed in the grave. Then the body of the chief was placed on top in a sitting position. The slave was to accompany his master into that unknown spirit land. Money, household articles, and a great deal of cloth were all placed in the grave for the use of the spirit. And then after the spirits were properly appeased the grave was closed, the witch doctor consulted and another chief chosen.

But Chief Lebo did not die a long time ago. Many of his people are Christians now. Would their faith be strong enough to hold out in this sorest trial? That is what worried some of the leaders and pastors from Lebo's tribe. And so when the chief's body was carried back to his village to be buried it was accompanied by some of our station teachers and nurses. Four of the pastors also went to the village. They wanted to give Lebo a Christian burial. They wanted to show the people that for Christians death is not to be feared; no matter how sorrowful we who are left may be, he who has gone is with his Master. Just as they would have done many years ago, the people came from many villages. There were thousands of them present. In the evening the pastors gathered them together. They sang hymns, they prayed, they thanked God that they could have faith in His Son. Some of the people began to wail but the Christian hymns drowned out the heathen cries. Then on Sunday before the thousands of his people, some of them Christians and some of them still clinging to heathen beliefs, Chief Lebo was laid to rest. Drums and dancing did not accompany him to spirit

**The passions are the gales
of life; and it is religion only
that can prevent them from
rising into a tempest.**

—Dr. Watts

land. Instead he went with the sound of hymns of the church echoing from the hills which for so long had heard only sounds of Satan.

So Chief Lebo has gone to be with a Greater Chief. And as the sound of the hymns fade away will you pray with us that the memory of Christ's beautiful words, "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God," may never die, but that they may echo and re-echo in the hearts of those who loved Chief Lebo until they are comforted, and that these words may bring to hungry hearts a peace and a faith that will be sufficient when they too are called into the presence of the "Chief of Chiefs."

♦ ♦ ♦

You can be proud of the missionaries who are representing you here in Congo. They are consecrated Christians and are doing a great work. They, like we, need your support, your prayers, your money, and, yes, even some of you. The needs are great, and perhaps the greatest is the need for missionaries.

Little Grandma's Surprise

(From page 19.)

Grandma laughed and looked up at the wheel on the windmill, which the summer breeze had caught and was beginning to whirl round and round.

"Ee-awk, ee-awk," it squeaked.

"Plenty of wind," Grandma said, and looked from the windmill wheel to the end of the hose on the forked stick.

Suddenly Pam saw that there was something attached to the end of the hose—something round with holes in it. "Like the spout on a sprinkling can," she thought.

And suddenly Cam saw that the other end of the piece of hose was attached to the pump spout.

Then it happened. Right there in Little Grandma's yard with the summer sun shining like a fury, a shower came up—or a shower came down! Into the empty tank tinkled a spray of water, and Pam saw then that Grandma had cleaned the big old tank until it shone. She threw her arms around the little white-haired lady at her side. "Oh, Little Grandma," she cried, "you dear!"

Cam took his turn at the hugging. "Oh, Little Grandma," he cried, "you darling!"

"You're our good fairy," said Pam.

"You made our wishes come true," said Cam.

"Only when your job was done," reminded Little Grandma. "There's your shower. There's your swimming pool filling up. But what are you waiting for?"

"Not a thing," whooped Cam.

"Not a thing," shouted Pam.

And the twins rushed into their surprise.



August Amblings

... This month was named after Augustus Caesar, Roman emperor from 27 B.C. to A.D. 14, during which period Christ was born. The word itself implies something magnificent and stately. How about making it a magnificent month in family living? ... This is the last month of summer for most families. It is the last chance to get in that vacation for the whole family. But don't let your family take a vacation from the things of the spirit. The soul can starve in a month's time. ... This is a good month to discover the joys of family outings. Plan something for Saturday afternoons, at least, when the whole family can take turns in suggesting something to do together. ... This is a good time to check up on yourself. Is there something you had planned to do this summer that, so far, has been put off? Maybe it's important enough to see that it gets done this month. ... **Remember!** Speeding and its correlated bad driving habits killed 27,900 persons in 1951 and injured 1,458,000.

Politics Is What YOU Make It

This is the title of *Public Affairs Pamphlet*, No. 181. As the political campaign becomes hotter, this is a good, brief discussion of this important phase of our national life that every person who wants to be a better citizen should read. Here are ten suggestions it makes to improve our effectiveness as year-round citizens:

1. Read a local newspaper as well as a large city daily.
2. Keep a score card on the votes of your representatives.
3. Attend your town or city council meetings.
4. Get acquainted with your neighbors; discuss local problems with them.
5. Try to develop an understanding of propaganda techniques.

6. Learn to compromise—not with your principles, of course—but in ways that will make for effective action.
7. As a member of any non-partisan organization, help your group to participate in citizenship development and action.
8. Always remember that we are *all* politicians and that we can be good politicians only by active participation in partisan and nonpartisan groups.
9. Remember to register and vote. But voting is not enough. *Watch and Work!*
10. Finally, keep in mind that the individual voter is not a cipher. *Your vote DOES count!*

Where Your Treasure Is

From July 1, 1951, to February 29, 1952, internal revenue collections from alcohol and tobacco sales in the United States totaled over two billion seven hundred thousand dollars. The total amount actually spent for alcoholic beverages will run above the eight billion dollar mark for the year.

Contributions for all religious purposes will run about two and a half billion dollars for the year. This means that we give less for religion in our land than we pay for taxes on the alcohol and tobacco we consume.

Over 60 per cent of our population indulge in some form of alcoholic beverage. About 58 per cent of our people are affiliated, however loosely, with some religious organization. In other words, the former invest nearly four times as much "treasure" in liquor and its ilk than the latter do in religious enterprises.

"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." It appears that more of the "heart" of liquor consumers is in the pursuit of that objective than that of religious people in carrying on their work.

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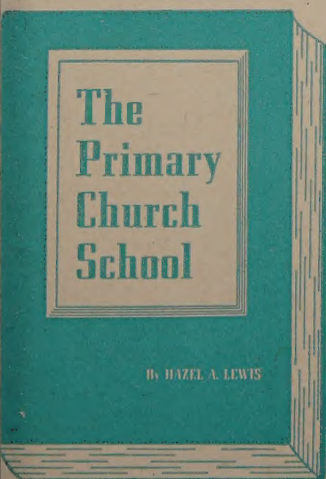
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